

NO. 8

vere wind and thunder storm which passed over this region, three cottages in the course of building at Rumson, were blown down. The North Shrewsbury river was never before so high. Some of the damage

Gold and Silver.

Along her father's field they strayed,
All decked with cowslips yellow,
A little daisy gold-haired maid,
A sturdy nine-year fellow,
And there love's course they two began,
(Ah, thorny path for treading!)
And vowed when they were maid and man
The town should see a wedding.
Their golden curls were blown and blent,
Through wafts of fragrance treading;
"And oh!" they murmured, love content,
"Till be a golden wedding!"

"This time," said he, "to claim her vow."
And forth he went and found her;
But she was grown a beauty now,
And half the town was round her;
"I see," says he, "you don't want me!"
Though tears were ripe for shedding,
"I'm glad your eyes are good," says she—
"Ah, where's the golden wedding?"
He lunged away, and left her there,
Such heart-sore tear-drops shedding,
And gossips cried, in blank despair,
"He's spoiled the rarest wedding!"

He sailed the seas, he beat the French,
Two-score good years he tarried,
And then he thought, "That little wench—
I wonder if she's married?"
Next week a bluff old tar rolled past,
The gabled High-street treading,
And ancient gossips crowed, "At last
We're like to have the wedding!"
She'd waited for him forty years,
The gray hair locks were threading;
And some with smiles, and some with tears,
Beheld their silver wedding.

MY GREAT AUNT'S WILL.

I am a clerk in a country store, and sometimes I wish I'd been a martyr in those days when they stretched people in beds of spikes or roasted them on a ridiron. Then I think I could have taken a little comfort in life.

This is the way of it: I am behind the counter on the side where we keep warts, and there trots up to the opposite side where we keep flannels, a customer neither young nor beautiful; I hurry around and across, and she asks or calicoes; then I turn her about and make my way back, and I pull down half a dozen pieces, but she just gazes at the shelves, says she'd like to look at the under piece on the top shelf; I climb up, at the risk of breaking my neck, and get the under piece out, and she concludes 'tisn't what she thought it was. Then she says she'd like to look "at that stripe;" I blunder on to every other stripe before I get her particular stripe. Then she says she wants a little figure, and I get all the little figures out or her. She wants to know how much 'tis a yard; I say six cents, and she says she can get better in Springfield for five, and she looks at me suspiciously as if I was a cheating youth. She wants to know if it'll wash, and I say I presume so, most calico does wash, and she looks at me indignantly, as if I was a saucy youth. Then she asks me if we take eggs, and I say we do, and we pay twenty-eight cents, and she says they're saying thirty at the other store; and off she goes, and I put up the prints, and am down at the farther end of the room turning fragments out of a cracker barrel when back she comes and wants samples.

We keep the postoffice, and by the time I get back to my cracker barrel, in comes a man who wants to know if he hasn't a letter. He never had a letter in his life, and he knows it, and I know it, but it is one of those facts that both parties ignore, and I go and look, and give him the consoling assurance that he hasn't any, and he departs in peace of mind.

Then there is a lady who wants to match a confounded bit of silk braid, drab bordering on the lilac. It takes me five minutes to find one box of silk braids, and five more to find we haven't drab bordering on the lilac. Then she wants sewing silk the same shade, and I hunt through all the sewing silks, and here's drab bordering on lilac, and here's lilac under the sun excepting lilac, but I know by the way her frowns sweep out that a mere mercantile house not keeping drab bordering on the lilac stands very low.

I get down to the farther end of the store again, and there comes a man to the front door, and yelps out loud enough for every customer to hear that he's brought back that barrel of flour; says the bread was black and all dough in the middle. Now, that man understood, when he had that flour, that it was inferior quality, not recommended, and he had it cheap, and took it because it was cheap. I help him roll the flour, and I can see that he thinks he has circumvented a villain.

That's the way it goes day after day, week after week, and I hate tea, detest salaratus, abhor codfish and wish calico, cotton cloth, drilling, hooks and eyes and all the rest of the wretched necessities of an artificial civilization were at the bottom of the Indian ocean. I long to be a savage more than I do to be an angel, and I shall be one of these days, though I do wear cloth suits and have a shaving mug at the barber's marked in gilt letters, S. O. Haynes, I wonder that all self-respect and sentiment of humanity hasn't long ago perished from out of my bosom.

Such were my reflections one fine morning just after train time, while I was weighing out half a pound of black tea, when my fellow-sufferer in the dry goods and grocery inflection called out: "Here's a lady inquiring for you Sam."

In distinct outline before the door stood a little woman, her skirts spread out by a triangular hoop like the skirts of the female figures we used to draw on our slates at school. I came up to make my bow, and saw she had deposited a brown wadded basket on the show-case and dropped a black girdled bag at her side. She wore a stringy kind of shawl, with fearfully long fringe, and seemed to be afflicted with numb palsy. "Are you my nephew Sam?" she asked.

"My name is Samuel Haynes, ma'am."

"I'm your father's aunt, Louezer Haynes."

"I'm glad to see you, Aunt Louisa."

She looked at me sharply, as if I was making fun of her. I suppose it was because the corners of my mouth turn up, people are always suspecting me of making fun of them. I wish those corners would sink and wonder they don't.

"I'm your only living female relative on the father's side," said she.

My business experience with females had been so embittering, I was glad to

learn she was the only one on the father's side.

"As you've no mother, I feel it my duty to help make a home for you."

Instantly I remember that Aunt Louisa was worth \$75,000. I think I learned that fact in early years at the parental knee, along with who made me, and what state I lived in. I know it always stood to my infantile consciousness in the relation of a primary truth. My father, all his life, courted poverty through the medium of dry goods and groceries, and went through bankruptcy as often as the law would allow. During the periodic seasons, before calling the creditors up and making an assignment, he used to clasp his hands to his head and ejaculate "Louisa might help me if she only would."

But Louisa wouldn't or at least didn't, and whenever may be thought of her filial affection, mature observations on the oscillations in the molasses and ginger market have convinced me of the soundness of her judgment.

"I'm delighted to see you, Aunt Louisa. I'll go right down to my boarding place with you."

Hence, with a brown willow basket in one hand and a shiny leather bag in the other and my great aunt trotting behind—why under Heaven she didn't walk by my side I couldn't see—we meandered down the street.

We met Evelina Angella Plimpton. I was engaged to Evelina Angella. I had enjoyed that honor ever since one July evening when there came up a sudden thunder-shower, and she clasped my arm and ejaculated she was "so timid." An engagement was an annual episode with Evelina. When I solemnly asked Pa Plimpton's consent, he didn't remove his pipe from his mouth, but just nodded and pursued his previous train of thought. Evelina smiled patronizingly upon me. Deference to the aged I knew she considered beautiful.

My aunt didn't like my boarding place, and wasn't pleased with my boarding mistress. She thought we'd better keep house, and I spent the next fortnight house hunting with her. The great desideratum seemed to be the right kind of a "buttery;" one would have supposed butter was to be the staff of life with us. We at last found a "buttery" on the northwest corner, opening into both kitchen and dining room, having the requisite number of cupboards, having shelves that admitted of being taken out in house cleaning time, painted a bewitching cream color; and we engaged that buttery, regardless of cost or the character of the neighbors.

The next momentous step was to get my aunt's "things" moved. Were I writing a scientific essay on psychological distinctions of sex, I should make one strong point the tenacious attachment of the feminine mind to "things." Ten thousand dollars in stocks and bonds at stake in an unsettled estate have been known to excite less interest and create less jealousy than the disposition of an old tablecloth.

My aunt was for some days in a harrowing state of indecision as to whether she had better have her things invoiced as freight or to hire a car. By virtue of the handsome figures I learned to make at Commercial college, I proved to her it would be cheapest to hire the car. I had to go to her former place of abode to see about getting the things moved, and I had to "meet them with a carriage" at our depot. I felt like a collector of antiquities just getting an assortment over from Egypt. I shall ever feel grateful to the small boys of our village for their self-restraint on this tempting occasion. I don't recollect a single opprobrious epithet. They treated my loads with a respect to which nothing but hoary hairs could entitle them.

There was a cheese press, and I don't know but a cider mill; there was something, with four tremendously heavy legs, I always believed to be something in disguise of a bedstead. There were seven bandboxes (four large and three small), five feather-beds, seventeen comfortable, and a great deal of crockery which evidently came over in the Mayflower, but had much better put back to land in the Speedwell.

I need not say that our residence when furnished was neat but not gaudy. I slept under a "rising-sun" quilt, and had a round braided mat to put my feet on when I got out in the morning. I sighed for my former cozy quarters, but I remembered my aunt's valuation, and reasoned that if she was my only living female relative on the father's side, I must of necessity be her only living male relative on the mother's side.

Soon after we were domiciled, I found that my aunt was subject to mysterious attacks, which attacks invariably seized her in the night time, and made it imperative that I should run for the doctor. Liability to these attacks precluded the possibility of my being away from home evenings, excepting Sunday and Thursday evenings, when I was expected to see my aunt to prayer meetings and attend her home, though Evelina went off in an opposite direction with another fellow. I didn't know just justice both to myself and Evelina demanded that I should have a conversation with my aunt, and set before her, in language which even a child might understand, my views of the duties and privileges of an engaged man; but I felt extremely doubtful of her sympathy, and seventy-five thousand was a good deal to risk.

We kept one servant, whose wages my aunt thought it right I should pay, because, as she said, if there was no one but herself she shouldn't keep a girl. Our cuisine was managed with strictest regard to economy. We lived largely upon soup, which consisted principally of broth. My aunt highly esteemed marrow-bones. I wonder if it is generally known among physiologists how long a healthy person can subsist on a persistently boiled marrow-bone?

For two or three years I had been in the habit of smoking a single cigar at the close of the day's labors. One evening I was sitting on the piazza indulging in this luxury when out came my aunt. "Sam!" cried she, "are you smoking?"

"Yes, sir," very meekly.

"Well, said she, calmly but firmly, "none of my money shall ever go up in cigar smoke." Then again, "How much do you pay for cigars?"

"Ten cents."

"Now, Sam, I want you to take your pencil and calculate how much ten

cents a day will amount to in a year, then how much in fifty years, then I want you to put this sum at compound interest, and see how much it will amount to by the time you are seventy-five years of age."

It struck me that I had somehow, during my lifetime, met with similar problems, but I conscientiously made the calculation.

"Aunt," cried I, "I'm perfectly appalled. Never did I dream of this. Of what mad extravagance have I been guilty!" And wildly I hurled my cigar into the camomile bed.

It became generally known throughout our village that my aunt was wealthy, and I was heir-expectant, and I soon perceived that whether or not I ever obtained the gold, I was going to have the glory. At a town-meeting, legally called, and with the moderator in the chair, I was elected one of nine prudentia committeemen; duty—to see about getting the wool. Our Sabbath school appointed me delegate to a conference at Commingham; privileges—lose my time, pay my own fare, change cars twice, stage five miles over a country road and through a November landscape; prospects—address by Deacon Thomas Jones; music, that rare and intricate composition, "Shall we gather at the river?"

I secured the position of watchman at our store every other Sunday night. Aunt asked if I expected extra pay for this service, and I said I did. Evelina had talked of green reps for our parlor, but I found that calculations had now ascended to some kind of rose-colored something, value about treble that of the reps.

Aunt was at length seized with an "attack" of more than ordinary violence. I called three physicians; for I shrunk from exposing myself to the irresponsible village gossip which might accuse me of not employing every effort for the prolongation of her life. With three doctors in attendance, she not unreasonably felt that this attack would prove final, and sent for lawyer. I was in a state of great nervous interposition.

"Is there anything I can do for you, aunt?"

"Nothing now."

"Has your nurse arranged your pillows quite comfortable?"

"Perfectly comfortable."

Solemn scenes have no place in this narrative, and I pass on to the time when we were assembled for the reading of the will—the lawyer, the doctor, the minister and myself. The instrument ran as follows:

"After paying my just dues and my funeral expenses, and providing a suitable monument, I give and bequeath to my beloved nephew, Samuel O. Haynes, his heirs and assigns, for their use and behoof, forever, all my wearing apparel and personal ornaments, with the exception of my gold beads, which I bequeath to my manesake, Louisa Haynes, of St. Joseph, Missouri; all my beds and bedding, house utensils and furniture, with the exception of my great arm-chair, which, as it came in on the Jones's ship, I wish to go to some deserving member of that family. I also give my nephew Samuel five dollars with which to buy a reference Bible in my remembrance, and also the sealed paper of instructions accompany this instrument, which I wish him to read a year hence in the presence of the witnesses now assembled for the reading of this my will."

"The remainder of my property, real and personal, with the exception of the legacies hereinafter named, I bequeath to the American Missionary Society, neither legacies nor bequests to be paid until a year and a day hence."

When the lawyer was through reading, I had no clear idea to whom these legacies were devised, but I remarked that the American Missionary Society was a most worthy organization.

The nature of the will was soon made public. Popular sentiment was that of resignation, not to say of satisfaction, on my account. My companions who had never seen why deserving merit in my case should meet such disproportionate reward, while their own disproportioned to a weekly stipend with no great aunt's estate in prospective, naturally experienced a revival of confidence in the equitable government of the universe. Elderly friends in church and Sabbath school felt that I had cause for rejoicing in being spared the snares and temptations which accompany wealth.

My employer privately expressed the opinion that I had been getting above my business, and he was glad to see me taken down a peg. Evelina said: "Never mind; we don't care for money." But not many days after, Evelina told me she had begun to realize what a solemn oration was matrimony; she and I were both young, and had our way to make, and she thought perhaps for the present, it would be better for us to consider ourselves only friends.

I said, "Very well," and felt that I was a lonely bark tossed on a wild and watery waste.

I had read of instances similar to mine where the sealed packet or the old Bible proved to contain bank-notes; but finger the paper left me as I would, I could make nothing of it but paper.

For a year I went calmly but hopefully forward in the dry goods and grocery way, and we then assembled for the opening of my seal, and the lawyer, the doctor, the minister and myself. The first words that met my eyes as I unfolded the paper were, "And all former wills by me made I do hereby revoke," etc. With palpitating heart I passed the document to the lawyer. After provisions and legacies similar to those in the first instrument. This latter document proceeded as follows:

"To the American Missionary Society I give and bequeath the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars."

"To my beloved nephew, Samuel O. Haynes, who I hope may be learned, during the year that has elapsed, lessons of wisdom more valuable than money, I bequeath the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, which I direct my executor to pay over to said Haynes as soon as may be convenient. I further direct my executor to annually pay to said Haynes the income from the remainder of my property, both real and personal, and to pay from the principal to said Haynes on his thirtieth birthday, if he be living, or to his heirs or assigns if deceased, the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, and to pay to said Haynes on his thirtieth birthday the remainder of my property be it more or less."

I went down to the store as usual the next morning, for I wished to show people that I had too good sense to have my head turned. When I filled our best customer's molasses jug with kerosene, I knew I had demonstrated my coolness.

The chairman of the board of selection wanted to know what I should advise in regard to rebuilding the Piper stone bridge, the doctor asked what my candid opinion was concerning the comparative merits of muriate of ammonia and iodide of potassium in a case of pleuritis where egophony denotes slight effusion, but with strong indications of adhesion of the mediastinum; and the minister said there was an article on "Semi-Pelagianism in the Fourteenth Century" in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* he thought I would enjoy perusing. As I stood on the hall door-step after singing school that evening, Evelina came out back of me, and said she, with a little shiver, "Oh, how dark it is!"

It flashed across me, as I offered my arm for escort home, that to the feminine imagination matrimony on the income of seventy-five thousand is naturally a less "solemn ordinance" than on a precarious salary of eight dollars a week and nothing found but peppermint drops.

Presently Evelina remarked, "Aren't you very lonely since your aunt died?"—tender emphasis on the lonely. My aunt had been dead a year, and Evelina "engaged" once in the meantime.

"Not at all; my time and attention are likely to be entirely absorbed in business."

"No one can rejoice more sincerely in your good fortune than I do, Samuel."

I don't doubt it, Evelina; I shall always feel confident of your friendship."

I leave Evelina at her cottage gate, and I feel that, of all the glad words of tongue or of pen, the gladdest are these—"It wasn't to have been."

The next afternoon my employer invited me to be seated behind the railing that fenced in our office, and said he, laying his hand on my shoulder with a confidential, a parental, a sacrificial air: "Samuel, I have been reflecting upon my duty to you. You are a young man just starting in life, and starting in some respects under favorable circumstances, but everything depends upon your faithful right. You have always been faithful to my interests, and I have determined to show my appreciation of that faithfulness. I have determined to sell out to you!"

A glance at the door showed me that my way of escape was not cut off.

"With all the varied interests of the business you are already familiar; you are yearly drawing in more of the trade from surrounding towns; we have the confidence of our customers; we have the confidence of wholesale dealers; we can buy to the best advantage. To all these privileges you will succeed. Rarely is there such an opening for a young man. Consult your books, consider your profits, reflect upon the income from the postoffice—'Sir,' interrupted I, in thunderous tones, 'by the blessing of Providence and the benevolence of my aunt, who is to have a monument that will bring a glow to the bosom of the president of our Cemetery association, I am now the recipient of a modest competence; and shall I squander more years of precious life on vulgar, soul-wearying dry goods and groceries, subject ever to the fluctuations of Amoskeag and Peppercuts, or shall I live on my income and avail myself of the humanizing influences of leisure and culture? Conscience and the voice of reason tell me, 'Live on your income, and come!' Never more will I mangle eyeballs to scan you top shelf for cotton batting and Agawam mixed; never shall my trembling fingers seek to fit on warped pasteboard box covers; never shall my wearied ears be greeted by the ceaseless tinkle of the money drawer bell, or my sated nostrils by the odors of the grinding coffee! No more shall the brown paper bag and the white cotton string mingle in all my dreams! Sir, I hate tea, detest salaratus, abhor codfish, and loathe that postoffice and two-cent stamps!"

I was done, and I knew by the hush that fell upon that store that whatever else I might be, I was an—orator.

Woman Stumps the Philosophers.

Tennyson—Women are angels. Shakespeare—Perfidious as a wave. Balzac—Women complain of being misunderstood.

Byron—Angels have wings and always end up in flying off.

Diderot—He who comprehends them is their implacable enemy.

Chamfort—The most beautiful girl in the world can only give that which she has.

Saint Evremont—We take women for what they are not; we quit them for what they are.

Leopardi—When one speaks of women there is a weapon more terrible than calumny—the truth.

Oriental Proverb—One leads a horse by the bridle, an elephant by his rope, a woman by her heart.

Chaffort—Love is more pleasing than marriage, for the reason that novels are more amusing than history.

The Koran—It is necessary to have at least four wives in order to find one in good health and gentle humor.

Byron—I have seen those (the temptresses) of women, and I have seen those of the waves, and I pity more the lovers than the sailors.

Hamilton—In matters of love nothing is more common to all women than the desire that another shall not gain that which she herself refuses.

A Critic's Knowledge of Music.

At a concert the other night a young chap who sat next to me faithfully consulted his programme and criticised every singer in very awkward terms. Having listened to enough of his talk I quietly said to him: "You seem to know considerable about music; are you a musician?" "No, not exactly," he replied, "but my sister makes piano covers."

To bronze zinc fret work coat the metal with a very thin gold size, and when nearly dry rub on a sufficient quantity of red bronze (bronze powder), dry and burnish.

SALUTATIONS.

Forms of Greeting Among Ancient Moslems.

It is related by Sir Walter Scott, in one of his great historical novels, that a certain chieftain possessed such strength that he was able to crush the hand of any one offered to him by way of salutation. That this is not mere exaggeration is evidenced from the fact that there are many cases on record illustrating the Samson-like grip of such persons, and their adrip otherwise in court and on the field.

The various forms of salutation have always been of much interest. In early Bible times, the record reads that Esau ran to meet Jacob, his brother, and fell upon his neck and kissed him. The embrace and the kiss were certainly among the first exhibitions of fraternal affection. If the Hebrew habit was that, so it can be judged from the "Blind old man of Seio's rocky isle." Homer, in the grand epic made himself known to his friends they placed their arms about Ulysses and showered kisses upon the head, hands and shoulders. That sign of affection became in time restricted to relatives and those by the sacred rites of marriage soon to be related.

In New Testament times the holy kiss was enjoined upon the brethren. Among less cultured peoples the rubbing of noses was long held in high esteem, and it is told by travellers that even to this day in parts of Africa the rubbing of nose rubbing custom prevails, as also among Indo-Chinese races, Mongols, and others, while the Eskimos and Laplanders follow the same habits.

In many places the kiss is popular, and men kiss each other as an expression of their regard. It is quite common in Continental Europe for parents and near relatives to quit their families and friends with a kiss on each cheek.

The custom of kissing the head is also very venerable, and has been in vogue time out of mind.

The right hand of fellowship is extended in most churches upon receiving members into the communion. When candidates for ordination or for any important step in the course of Christian life are accepted, the second chapter of Galatians comes to mind, and the right hand of fellowship is extended. There is no doubt but that this custom of extending the right hand was introduced into all modern Christian nations. It is based upon the Scripture narrative and epistle, and while possibly not wholly new, still was given a higher significance through the New Testament forms. The Indians of the plains and the mountains of the West have the universal "How" and the grasp of the hand, which they have borrowed from the white man. This habit has become fixed among almost every uncivilized people.

It is recognized as the proper act, no ceremony is complete without it, and it is like the tobacco among the tribes since qua non of all ceremonies, the sign that must precede all intercourse. In the early days in the Mississippi Valley the Jesuit missionaries said the Illinois Indians met them with both their hands and arms held high in the air. This was also the greeting they gave the sun, Waubun, on his appearing in the morning. The sign of welcome and amity has ever been the right hand, with perhaps some slight variation. The right hand indicates and signifies power, honor; the king held the scepter in his right hand; the great pontiff of Rome gave the benediction with the right hand, the signet rings were worn on the right hands; and all the great and important and impressive State, religious and paternal acts were performed by the hand that moved the world.

A Shrewd Stroke of Economy.

Ever since District Attorney Hillborn met with that accident, when he asked a Chinaman what a 10-cent cigar was, he has felt like giving up smoking. And another experience has just happened to him which makes him afraid to buy a cigar in case some joke will come out of it. He engaged a new boy for his office—a young, zealous, economical, bright boy, whose whole soul was devoted to his master's service. Among the boy's duties was to go out for cigars for the judge. The other day the boy was given half a dollar.

"Go out," said the judge, "to ——— and buy me four cigars—four for a half. He knows what I get."

The boy started off and came back presently, his face aglow with pride and triumph. He had six cigars. He handed them to the judge.

"What are these?"

"I didn't go to ———, sir. I know a place where they give you six for a half."

And the boy, if he reads this story, may perhaps discover why the anticipated raise of salary did not follow his stroke of economy.

A Letter of 1775.

In the uncouth garb of a Puritan letter, written in 1775, one can detect the simplest, affectionate nature:

DEAREST LYDIA—I received your kind letter by Mr. Burr, as also the inkstand, corn and cucumbers you sent. Every letter and present from you is like a cordial to me in my absence from you. My heart is delighted in reading your letters, especially when on the countenance of them you appear to be in health, and when you appear by your letters to be in trouble, I long to participate with you. I received yours wherein you expressed your joy in my not going to Quebec. Remember the Psalmist's expression, "If I take wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, behold Thou art here." I doubt not but wherever I am God will be there and be my stay and support. My love, I had it under consideration whether to offer myself to go to Quebec, and had so far concluded upon the matter that, if I had been requested to go, I should not have refused, though I think it carries the appearance of a desperate undertaking.

WILLIAM TURNER MILLER.

THE BRAVE BOY'S DEED.

The Story of How a Telegraph Lad's Good Arm Saved a Train.

A few weeks ago there passed away an old man of three-score or more, who had led a quiet and apparently uneventful life. From a little before his middle age he had been a follower of railroad work and for years before his death a well-known member of the "foot-board" coterie, or, as is more commonly called, a locomotive engineer. Some fifteen years ago an occurrence took place in his life that may have changed its whole current.

One stormy, snowy night in December a freight train accident occurred through the breaking of a car axle. The scene of the accident was on a portion of the road very crooked. The wreckers had been called out, and with them the young telegraph boy, whose duty it was to climb a telegraph pole, make the necessary attachments with wires, clamps, etc., and to assist in the working of other trains past the obstruction.

This boy was entrusted with the important task of opening and operating an additional office. Sitting on an imprudent chair, built of fence-rails and stones, at the foot of the telegraph pole, his duty was to stop all trains coming toward the obstruction, and hold them until one of the tracks had been cleared. It was on Saturday night, and but few trains—save the regular night express—were running. Clothed with unusual responsibility the lad sat through a terrible blinding snow and sleet-storm, hour after hour, no shelter and no company save the constant tick of the little instrument that held him in communication with the outer world.

One o'clock has come. The night express should be there. Orders have come from the wreck, "Hold the express at all hazards." A glance at the watch tells the boy that he must take his lamps and meet the express as far above as possible. There were no air brakes in those days. A heavy, blinding, cheerless fog has settled down like a thick cover over the deep cut in the rocks. The snow from above was still coming down in sheets. Plowing his way through the wet snow over the uneven surface of rails and ties, went the boy in the direction of the expected express, whose faint rumble could first be felt, then faintly heard. Planting himself firmly between the rails, the boy stood, a lamp in each hand, waiting to swing at the first burst of the headlight through the fog. Nearer and closer came the heavy train. One second, two, three, and the headlight commences to lighten up the banks and rocks of the curve. The fog lifts the light gleams on the wet, shining rails. Swing goes the red lamp as the blinding glare of the powerful headlight shoots into sight at the upper end of the curve. Paster swings the red light. No answering blast of the whistle. The red light is on a desperate, almost despairing swing. No answer yet. The boy leaps over the outer rail into the ditch alongside, poisoning himself as he jumps, an angel of great glaring monster is upon him his right arm puts an almost superhuman effort into the last swing, the lamp leaves his hand and with a crash goes through the little glass door in the front of the engine's cab, right into the face of our old friend the engineer.

The lad sunk back into the rocky fissures of the cut, the train rushes by him harmlessly, but with a terrible shriek of the whistle. The old chain-brake snaps like an overstrained muscle and away rushes the express past that clicking instrument, on, on, into the darkness, out of hearing and beyond recall. Slowly and wearily the boy plods his way over the ties to his post at the instrument, pondering over his unheeded efforts and the result. "Hold the express at all hazards?"—and where was that express? There, with his trembling fingers upon the key of the instrument, he sat trying to tell his superior officer at the wreck that his efforts to hold the express had failed. This he did without telling of the fate of that red light. Voices are presently heard through the darkness, and ere long the swaying of several lighted lanterns are to be seen as they come from the direction of the lost train. A few seconds later the eager, peering faces of the train men appear, and the boy recognizes the familiar faces of the conductor and brakemen of the express. The train had stopped, but only a few yards away from the wreck, and the man had come back to pick up the operator, whom they supposed was mangled and dead in the curve above. The engineer, they say, had been badly hurt by some of the broken brakechain. The boy is grateful and happy because it is so worse. In a minute or so the engineer—our old friend—makes his appearance. Face covered with blood, which he had vainly tried to wipe away with bunches of greasy waste, a long cut just under the roots of his hair, told where he had been hurt. Throwing his arms about the brave boy's neck he whispered through his sobs of joy as the tears trickled down his blood-covered cheeks.

"I was asleep, and you risked your life to save us all. Thank God, you threw it straight and true. I will be a different man from to-night."

"Twas so. The true tale has never before been told. That engineer's life was thenceforth a true, honest and sober one. The chain served as the pretext for the wound, and the fireman, who was nodding on his box, too, never knew the true history. Death long ago came to him in the discharge of his duty. And now that the shades of death have closed over our old friend, peace to his memory."

He has gone to that final footboard to rest, where his "runs" will be in pleasant places. His occasional meetings with his operator friend were always gentle, kind and full of affection, and no mention was ever made of the attempt to "hold the express at all hazards."

The Oldest Fresco.

The museum at Boulaq, in Egypt, contains what has been called the oldest picture in the world—a fresco from a tomb at Maydom representing six geese.

SHAMEFUL ABUSE

Heaped Upon a Noted Englishman for His Open Honesty.

WM. ED. ROBINSON, M. D., L. R. C. S. I., M. K. Q. C. P. I., late of the Royal Navy, of England, has got into professional trouble for writing the following open letter to the editor of the London *Family Doctor*:

"I believe it to be the duty of every physician to make known any means or remedy whereby sickness can be prevented, and it is for this purpose I write to give my experience both here and abroad. I ask the publication of the statement that people may be warned before it is too late, to say to them that there is at hand a means by which they may be restored to perfect health. It is well known to the medical world, and indeed, to the laity, that a certain disease is making a terrible havoc; that next to consumption it is the most fatal, and that when fully developed there is nothing to be done for the sufferer."

"Physicians and scientists have long been trying to throw light upon the cause, and if possible, find in nature a medicine for this fatal malady. They have shown, absolutely, that the blood-purifying organs of vital importance, are the kidneys, and that when they once fail, the poison which they should take out of the blood is carried by the blood into every part of the body, developing disease."

"In my hospital practice in England, India and South America, and also while a surgeon in the Royal Navy of Great Britain, I gave a great deal of attention to the study of diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs, and found that not only was the cure of chronic Bright's Disease hopeless, but that kidney disease was remarkably prevalent; much more so than generally known, and was the cause of the majority of cases of sickness, and further, that the medical profession has no remedy which exerts any absolute control over these organs in disease."

"Some time ago when I had a case which resisted all regular treatment, which was very limited, complicated with the passing of stones from the kidneys, much against my will I permitted my patient to use Warner's safe cure, of which I had heard marvelous results. In his case the result was simply marvelous, as the attack was a severe one, and development very grave, for an analysis showed per cent. of albumen and granular tube casts."

"The action of the medicine was singular and incomprehensible to me. I had never seen anything like it. The patient recovered promptly, and is today a well and healthy man. This stimulated my inquiry into the merits of the remedy, and after analysis I found it to be of purely vegetable character, harmless to take under all circumstances."

"Casting aside all professional prejudice I gave it a thorough trial, as I was anxious that my patients should be restored to health, no matter by what medicine. I prescribed it in a great variety of cases, Acute, Chronic, Bright's Disease, Congestion of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, and in every instance did it speedily effect a cure."

"For this reason I deem it my duty to give to the world this statement regarding the value of Warner's safe cure. I make this statement on facts I am prepared to produce, and substantiate. I appeal to physicians of large practice who know how common and deceptive diseases of the kidneys are, to lay aside professional prejudice, give their patients Warner's safe cure, restore them to perfect health, earn their gratitude, and thus be true physicians."

"I am satisfied that more than one-half of the deaths which occur in England are caused, primarily, by impaired action of the kidneys, and the consequent retention in the blood of the poisonous uric and kidney acid. Warner's safe cure causes the kidneys to expel this poison, checks the escape of albumen, relieves the inflammation and prevents illness from impaired and impoverished blood. Having had more than seventeen years' experience in my profession, I conscientiously and emphatically state that I have been able to give more relief and effect more cures by the use of Warner's safe cure than by all the other medicines ascertainable to the profession, the majority of which, I am sorry to say, are very uncertain in their action."

"Isn't that a straightforward, manly letter?"

"Indeed it is."

"Well, but do you know the author has been dreadfully persecuted for writing it?"

"How so? What has he done to merit it?"

"None? He has spoken the truth out of school? and his fellow physicians, who want the public to think they have a monopoly in curing diseases, are terribly angry with him for admitting professional inability to reach certain disorders."

"That letter created a wonderful sensation among the titled classes and the public. This jarred the doctors terribly. The College of Surgeons and Queen's College, from which institution he was graduated, asked for an explanation of his unprofessional conduct, and notified him unless he made a retraction they would discipline him."

"The doctor replied that he allowed his patients to make use of Warner's safe cure only after all the regular methods had failed, and when he was satisfied that there was no possible hope for them. Upon their recovery, after having used Warner's safe cure, he was so much surprised that he wrote the above letter to the *Family Doctor*. He regretted that the faculties found fault with his action in the matter, but he could not conscientiously retract the facts as written to the *Family Doctor*."

"The faculties of both colleges replied that unless he retracted they should cut him off, which would naturally deprive him from again practicing his profession, and also prevent his securing another appointment in the Royal Navy!"

"The illustrious doctor's dilemma is certainly an unpleasant one, emphasizing, as it does, both his honesty and the contemptible prejudice and

bigotry of English medical men. The masses, however, having no sympathy with their nonsense, keep on using the remedy he so highly recommends and gets well, while the rich and able depend upon the prejudiced doctors and die!"

A CHEAP DISINFECTANT.—The cheapest and most effective disinfectant and deodorizer for purifying and destroying sewer gas, foul air, and the sulphide of hydrogen and ammonium, generated in sewers and sinks, cess-pools, and on board passenger ship—the main cause of so many fatal fevers and epidemics—is a solution of chloride of lead.

To prepare this solution on a small scale for use, take one-eighth of an ounce of nitrate of lead and dissolve it in one quart of boiling water, and dissolve one ounce of pure common salt in about five gallons of water; mix the two solutions and when the sediment subsides pour off the clear solution and keep in a demijohn for use.

A cloth dipped in this solution and hung up in a sick room, or a little of it dashed into a foul sink will instantly destroy all offensive odors, by uniting with and neutralizing them.

The exact equivalent proportion is 100 grains nitrate of lead to 317 grains common salt. But it is well to have a small excess of salt.

TO KEEP RATHER RIPE TOMATOES.—The tomato is so valuable a vegetable that it is well worth knowing how to keep them. If they are picked when just ripe and with a portion of the stems retained, and at once covered with a brine composed of a teaspoonful of salt dissolved in a gallon of water, they can be kept nearly all the year without noticeable loss of their freshness of taste.

POOR MAN'S PUDDING.—Slice some bread very thin, put a layer in your pudding dish, strew some tart berries over it (dried currants are the best, if dried they must be stewed,) then a layer of bread, and so on until you have as much as you want; the last layer must be bread. Then make a custard (the same as you would for pie,) enough to cover the bread. Bake until done. Serve with sauce made with water, thickened with flour to about the consistency of starch; stir in a lump of butter and sweeten to the taste.

TO SELECT FLOUR.—In selecting flour first look at the color. If it is white with a straw-colored tint, buy it. If it is white with a bluish cast, or white specks in it, refuse it. Second, examine its adhesiveness—wet and knead a little of it between the fingers, if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Third, throw a little lump of dried flour against a smooth surface; if it falls like powder it is bad. Fourth, squeeze some of the flour tightly in your hands; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that too is a good sign. It is safe to buy flour that will stand all these tests. These modes are given by all old flour dealers, and they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody—the staff of life.

TANGERINE ORANGES.—Any number of oranges and their weight in white sugar; slightly grate the oranges and score them round and round with a knife, but not to cut deep. Put them in cold water for two days, then tie them in a cloth and boil in the same water till rather soft—say an hour. Put the sugar on the fire with half a pint of water to each pound; let it boil for a minute or two, then strain it through muslin. Put the oranges into this sirup till it jellies—that is rather thick. The sirup need not cover the oranges, but they must be turned to get well done.

LENTIL SOUP.—Wash a quantity of lentils in cold water. Put them into a saucepan with plenty of fresh cold water, two onions stuck with cloves, and a blade of mace and a bay leaf tied together. Let them boil until done, adding at intervals small quantities of cold water. Strain off the water and pass the lentils through a sieve. Dilute them with vegetable stock, or with the liquor in which they were boiled, to the consistency of a puree. Make it quite hot, add a pat of fresh butter and the yolks of two eggs, beaten up with a little water and strained. Serve with sippets of bread fried in butter.

"WELL, here's a killing bonnet!" exclaimed Blobson, turning around to look at a lady who had just passed.

"Why so?" asked his wife eagerly.

"Look at the dead birds on it!" cried Blobson.

ANAKESIS.—ANAKESIS gives instant relief in all cases of PILES, hemorrhoids, and itching of the rectum. Price, 50c per box, by mail, 75c. Sent FREE by F. K. MERRITT & CO., No. 10 Mercer St., New York, Sole Mfrs. of "ANAKESIS."

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS, THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY FOR Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury. Contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Price, 50c. C. N. CRISTANTON, New York.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE. BEST IN THE WORLD. Sold Everywhere. Get the Genuine. Sold Everywhere.

PATENTS.—Inventors! Obtain, Best Stamp for your Patent. Guide. Address: BINGHAM, PATENT LAWYER, Washington, D. C.

OPIMUM HABIT.—Absolutely cured. No relapse. No harm. No expense. No delay. Free of all. Pay when cured. Address: DR. C. J. WEAVER, Kansas City, Mo.

THURSTON'S IVORY TOOTH POWDER. Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy. Great English Goul and Blair's Pills. Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, 50c. Regd. 50c.

OPIMUM HABIT.—Cured. Treatment sent on trial. HUMAN REMEDY CO., LaFayette, La.

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Important.—When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage express and 40 carriage fares, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

100 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. It and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. House calls. Large covered walk to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Home-made ether presses have gone out of service. Small, compact presses are now taking their places.

Something that will interest the Afflicted.—(From the *Weekly Record*, Dundee, N. Y.)

There are many people in this country who are suffering untold agony from the ravages of disease, who have been medicated until the very sound of the word "medicine" sends a thrill of horror through their sensitive organism, and yet they are still looking—looking for something that will prove a benefit to their shattered constitution and restore to them their health. To this class of sufferers the *Record*, without solicitation, desires to say a few words, not with the intent to advertise a man who to-day is doing more for this class of sufferers than he can describe, but because he is, not only from personal experience, but from the experience of others, that what we are about to say in regard to Dr. Kilmer's Binghamton, N. Y., and his Herbal Remedies are facts, and it is a pleasure to tell the sufferer that there is a medicine that has done, and is still doing so much lasting benefit to the afflicted. Dr. Kilmer has been represented in the advertising columns of the *Record* for over two years, and during that period we have received many communications asking us to mention the name of the man who has cured so many of our readers, and have always felt that we could safely recommend them. Dr. Kilmer is one of the best-learned Physicians of the present day. He is a graduate of the University of Medicine and Surgery, and has been examined and treated personally more patients at his large and fully equipped office in Binghamton yearly, than any other physician in the country.

These Herbal Remedies which he sends out are prepared and prescribed by him in his own private practice. Their component parts are carefully selected from Nature's great laboratory, and are compounded in a scientific manner so as to be especially adapted to the different forms of diseases for which they are used. They are the result of years of hard, patient study of the science of medicine.

There seems to be at the present time a tendency toward a great many Kidney, Liver and Bladder troubles with the people of this country, and we wish to speak more particularly about Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy. We will say on the outside, we are not writing sensational "gush" for Dr. Kilmer, but knowing personally as we do, of many important cures wrought from the use of this medicine, we believe it to be our duty to the afflicted to encourage them to avail themselves of the use of this valuable Remedy.

We know Mr. Chas. E. Roe, of Unionville, Steuben Co., N. Y., who had Bright's disease, and was told by the best Physicians of Hornellsville, N. Y., that there was no hope for him, who was prevailed upon by a friend to try Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root Kidney Cure. He did so, without the least idea of being benefited, but the result was most gratifying to himself and family, for he was cured. Saved from a death which would have been his. Another case, that of Russell Sandford, of Wayne, Steuben Co., who had a terrible blood difficulty which would not yield to the medical skill of good doctors, who, at our own solicitation, tried Swamp-Root, and he told us after using several bottles his trouble was removed, although he had been told by the best Physicians that he would never be any better, and that his earthly career was limited. Our drug store here in Dundee has had them for years, and we have no doubt that they have cured hundreds of bottles of this medicine and in no instance have they ever heard aught but praise from the persons using it. We might mention cases of similar cases, but to our own personal knowledge, have been helped out of serious trouble by using Swamp-Root. We hope it will help some one, and we have no doubt that they have helped many by any one who is suffering with a Kidney, Liver or Bladder trouble. "It is worth its weight in gold." W. W. Westcott, Editor.

Trenching is not much practised in this country, but is considered indispensable to good gardening in Europe.

A Fortune For You.—All is new; capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Wherever you live you should at once write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine; they will send you free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, and they will pay you \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily, from the first start. Some have made over \$50 in a day. The best chance ever known by working people. Now is the time—de-lay not.

Hasty climbers often have sudden falls.

Frazer Axle Grease.—The best, and, intrinsically, the cheapest. Don't work your horses to death by using poor axle grease. Try it.

The largest peach orchards in Maryland. On one estate there are 125,000 trees; on another 120,000.

Be afflicted with sore eyes. Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

Always separate sick animals from the others.

Every day adds to the great amount of evidence as to the curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is unequalled for general debility, and as a blood purifier, expelling every trace of scrofula, or other impurity. Now is the time to take it. Sold by all druggists.

A little linseed meal mixed with the feed is good for scours in sheep.

If you have tumor, (or tumor symptoms) Cancer (or cancer symptoms), Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt-Rheum, Chronic Weaknesses, Nervousness or other complaints—Dr. Kilmer's FEMALE REMEDY corrects and cures.

We have not strength enough to follow our own reason.

W. H. Worthington, editor of "Patrons of Husbandry," published at Columbus, Mass., writes Feb. 25, 1882: "I have great reason to believe that I have used in my family for fifteen years for coughs and colds, and know it to be the best." 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 a bottle.

We give advice, but cannot give the wisdom to profit by it.

"Royal Glee" mends anything! Broken China, Glass, Wood. Free Vials at Drugs & Gro.

One authority destroys cabbage worms by sprinkling bran and buckwheat flour on them when they are young and the dew is on the plants.

Why did the Women

of this country use over thirteen million cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?

Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.

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Why did the Women

Scrofula

Probably no form of disease is so generally distributed among our whole population as scrofula. Almost every individual has this latent poison coursing his veins. The terrible sufferings endured by those afflicted with scrofulous sores cannot be understood by others, and their gratitude on finding a remedy that cures them, astonishes a well person. The wonderful power of

Hood's Sarsaparilla in eradicating every form of Scrofula has been so clearly and fully demonstrated that it leaves no doubt that it is the greatest medical discovery of this generation. It is made by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass., and is sold by all druggists.

100 Doses One Dollar

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is a Positive Cure for Female Complaints and Weaknesses as common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement, and the consequent Spinal weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, distressing cravens for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Impure Blood, Leucorrhoea, and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and heaviness, is permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the system, and is a positive cure.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents a box at all druggists.

STOP THAT COUGH IT ANNOYS EVERYBODY

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM at any DRUG STORE TAKE IT FAITHFULLY, AND YOU WILL BE CONVINCED THAT THERE IS BUT ONE REMEDY FOR COUGHS & COLDS

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM Sold by ALL DRUGGISTS

At 25¢ 50¢ & \$1.00 per bottle J. N. HARRIS & CO. PROP'S CINC.

ELY'S CATARRH Cream Balm

For cold in the head Ely's Cream Balm works like magic. It cures me of catarrh and restores the sense of smell.—E. H. Sherwood, Banker, Elizabeth, N. J.

A simple application of Ely's Cream Balm is all that is needed to cure a cold in the head. Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

RUPTURE—Dr. J. R. Mayer, Surgeon, has a new and successful operation for the cure of Rupture. He operates without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick headache, constipation, impaired blood, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidneys, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "Pellies." By druggists.

GARDEN SEEDS Catalogues—Gratis. B. H. HENNING, HENNING, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

SHORTHAND—Writing thoroughly taught. Situations procured all pupils when competent. Circulars free. W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION—Best cure for this disease. The only one. Sold by druggists.

HARTSHORN'S Shade Rollers—THE BEST NOTICE MADE ON PATENT

FITS STOPPED FREE—For all kinds of Fits, Epilepsy, etc. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. For all kinds of Fits, Epilepsy, etc. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER.

Marvellous Memory DISCOVERY.—Wholly unlike Artificial Systems. Cures Mind Wandering—Any book learned in one reading. Heavy reductions for postal classes. Prospectus, with outline of Mr. P. P. PIERCE, the Astronomer, Home, W. W. ASTOR, J. VAN P. BENJAMIN, Dr. MASON, Wood and others, sent free.

WE WANT YOU!—A new and profitable employment for women. No capital. Salary \$15 per month and expenses, or a large salary. If you are interested, send for a copy of our Circular and particulars free. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Fogg—"Soggy, the fellow who runs the restaurant at the Crescent railroad station ought to be presented with a medal by the Humane Society. He saved half a dozen lives yesterday."

Brown—"Did he? How did it happen?"

Fogg—"By being out of pie."

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"MRS. SOCIETY.—"I suppose you never hear of your daughter, who eloped with that young bricklayer?" Mrs. Oldham.—"Yes, he has got rich, and they are living in New York in fine style." "That is a comfort, certainly. Has the foreign nobleman who married your other daughter returned to his castle yet?" "Oh no; he is just in love with America, and says he wouldn't think of going back to Europe." "Indeed! Where have they been during the last three or four years?" "Visiting the bricklayer."

"SAY, Scratchaway, you know I was telling you last night about the trouble I had with your father about the money he owed me, and your mother's terrible temper and some details of your Aunt Margaret's unfortunate marriage?" "Yes, I know." "Well, that was only a little confidential gossip, you know. I didn't intend it for an interview."

Scratchaway—"Sorry, old boy, that's what I thought it was. It's all printed this morning."

"A LADY who had recently lost her husband and a friend were eating dinner together at the residence of the latter." "I sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart in your great sorrow," said the friend; "it must be terrible to lose such a man?" "Ah, me, yes," sighed the widow; "it is only the hope of meeting him in a better land that gives me courage and a desire to live."

LOTTE LITWAITE—"Come, Mr. Ponsonby, let me read your palm. Ah! I see that the line of life is very long."

Ponsonby—"Is it—aw—crossed?"

Lotte—"A little—the trials of married life I suppose."

Ponsonby (decidedly)—"That can't be you know, because I have sworn never to get married. What else?"

Lotte (shortly)—"Nothing else."

"HE was an unsalted young man at the oyster festival given by the Dorcas Aid Society of Christ Church, and he was seated in front of a half dozen fried."

A pretty girl was waiting on him."

"Ah," he said to her as he selected the condiments from the cask, "have you any wished-you-was-here-sauce?"

"Certainly," she replied, and sitting down she ordered enough stuff to put a dollar and a half extra into the coffers of the society."

"He says now he never did like a saucy girl."

A LARGE AND INFLUENTIAL FAMILY.—A certain distinguished United States Senator on one occasion was in Calcutta on a tour around the world, and among the places visited was the English cemetery. There were many noted Englishmen buried there, and such names as George Gordon, Bart., Henry Trevolian, Bart., were numerous as to attract the Senator's attention. Finally he said:

"My, my, this Bart family must be a large and influential one. I remember to have seen the name in London, but I had no idea they were such prominent people. Really, when I go back to England I must look them up and get better acquainted."

THE YOUNG IDEA.—Kind friend (to boy suffering tortures from toothache).—"With such fine white teeth as you have, Georgie, you ought not to have the toothache."

Georgie—"Oh, dear! Outwardly they are whiter sulphur, but inwardly they are a ravening wolves."

"MY DEAR," he said, "what is the difference between ingenious and ingenious?"

"The difference between u and i, my love," she replied, and he scratched his head for a diagram.

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pills." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick headache, constipation, impaired blood, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidneys, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "Pellies." By druggists.

Duty is not only pleasant, but cheap.

"A Perfect Flood of sunshine" will fill the heart of every suffering woman if she will only persist in the use of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." It will cure the most excruciating periodical pains, and relieve you of all irregularities and give healthy action. It will positively cure internal inflammation and ulceration, misplacement and all kindred disorders. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

Laws are the silent assessors of God.

Consumption.—Notwithstanding the great number who yearly succumb to this terrible and fatal disease, which is daily winding its fatal coils around thousands who are unconscious of its deadly presence, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will cleanse and purify the blood of scrofulous impurities, and cure tubercular consumption (which is only scrofulous disease of the lungs). Send 10 cents in stamps and get Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption and kindred affections, with numerous testimonials of cures. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Self-love is the greatest of flatterers.

Nothing like Canan's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, etc. Cure guaranteed. Office, 311 Arch St., Phila. \$1 a bottle, 5 for \$5.00. Druggists.

Sobriety is the love of health, or an incapacity to eat much.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

CENTRE HALL, PA., FEBRUARY 23, 1887.

There seems to be a certainty that Speaker Carlisle is to take Manning's place as Secretary of the Treasury.

As to the railroad commission it is believed that Garland will be at its head; Clark, of Massachusetts formerly president of the New England road, is thought to be sure of a place, and Kernan is likely to be the New York member. It is hoped that the president will reserve these appointments until after the adjournment of congress, so that he can appoint Colonel Morrison.

Representative Mackin, of Philadelphia on Friday, seems to have detected Clerk Huhn, of most unsavory reputation, voting absent members on the roll call. He was specific in his charges, and to prove them true called the names of nineteen absent members Huhn recording as voting, and none responded. They had gone home. He also offered to produce affidavits showing the members were not present and did not vote as recorded. No more flagrant outrage could have been committed than the one charged to Huhn, and we have little doubt it is true. The House was adjourned by the Speaker in an unparliamentary way, and in disregard of the rules, to get rid of Mr. Mackin's troublesome question. It should not rest here. The Speaker can hardly afford this sort of partnership with Huhn.

STATE TAX REVISION.

The tax revision bill introduced in the House by Mr. Foote is the result of the labors of the joint commission of the two houses recently constituted to report a bill at this session, and Mr. Foote reported it as the commission's bill. It was prepared by Rufus E. Shapley, of Philadelphia; Auditor General Norris, ex-Auditor General Niles and State Treasurer Quay and the commission, and retains most of the general features of the existing tax laws, including the tax on bonds, stocks, mortgages, money at interest, etc. The counties collecting the latter class of taxes are by this bill allowed fifty per cent. of the taxes so collected for the expenses of collecting. Heretofore the counties have collected these taxes without any compensation.

Manufacturing corporations are exempt from the payment of corporation taxes, except such corporations as are engaged in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors or of gas, and the provisions of the bill do not apply to building and loan associations. The tax on household furniture, silver plate, watches and carriages is repealed. The present machinery is retained for the collection of State taxes and existing compensation is also retained.

A TRAMP'S CONFESSION.

There is one honest tramp at least. At Easton, the other day, the confession of one saved two men from a term of 10 years in the Eastern penitentiary. Henry Peto and Frank Holland were on trial for a burglary committed at the residence of Thomas Seyfried, a farmer in Upper Nazareth, on the night of December 29, during which a desperate struggle took place. The evidence against the accused was mostly circumstantial, and there were fair chances for conviction. The tide turned when Henry Schultz, a tramp, who was this week sent to prison for 11 months for vagrancy, took the stand and testified that Peto and Holland had nothing to do with the crime. He then without any fear of the consequences, said: "The burglary was committed by myself, Charles Brunner, Postal Young, and another man whose name I cannot remember." The court then, at the request of the district attorney, had the jury render a verdict of not guilty. Schultz will now be indicted for the burglary.

WONDERFUL CURES.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of Drexel, Pa., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always.

FREE TRADE.

The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off revenue stamps from Proprietary Medicines, no doubt has largely benefited the consumers, as well as relieving the burden of home manufactures. Especially is this the case with Green's August Flower and Beech's German Syrup, as the reduction of thirty-six cents per dozen, has been added to increase the size of the bottles containing these remedies; thereby giving one-fifth more medicine in the 75 cent size. The August Flower for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and the German Syrup for Cough and Lung troubles, have perhaps, the largest sale of any medicines in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted, in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles for 10 cents remain the same size.

MORMONS FAR FROM DOWNCAST

The Utah Press sneers at the Edmunds-Tucker Anti-Polygamy Bill. SALT LAKE CITY, Feb. 21.—The Mormon press here displays great hilarity over the passage of the Edmunds-Tucker bill, saying that it will amount to nothing. The Herald gives a long review of the bill, closing in these words: "Altogether, the Herald considers the bill a very great triumph for the people of Utah, and an inglorious defeat for the anti-Mormon clique. True, the measure is harsh, unjust, and a violation of the theory and practice of republican government in many respects, but it has been so modified since it passed the house, has had shorn off so many of its worst features, that, as one compares the measure as it now stands with the bill which the ring wanted, he must concede that the victory is with the people and the defeat with the rings. Even if the bill becomes a law, it will work few, if any, changes in Utah. The people will still hold their own and retain control of their treasury."

The Deseret News, the chief organ of the Mormon church, after conceding the probability that the president will sign the bill, says: "And the jubilation of the motley liberal crowd, which includes all the really criminal elements of the territory, and all the hungry and impetuous office seekers, and barroom loafers is terribly toned down by doubts that possess their disappointed souls. If the Mormons should conclude to take the test oath and vote after all, where would be the fond anticipations of the expectant bidders? How much of a bill to take the control of the territory from the majority and give it to the minority would the much vaunted measure be? And, as for its claim of being anti-polygamy legislation that has vanished with the obnoxious section on which Tucker set his heart and Edmunds set his heel."

"As for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, the object of the assault, it will remain unimpaired by this or any other infamous scheme that can be concocted to cripple and destroy it. There is nothing in such futile efforts that can change one of its tenets or take from it any of its powers. It will become more consolidated than ever before because of the outward pressure to which its members are subjected by persecution, and the Latter-Day Saints, or Mormons, whether the bill becomes a law or not, will trust in God, live their religion, pursue their course, and fill their mission in the world fearless of all opposition and regardless of all human consequences. The work is the Lord's, and who can stay His mighty hand?"

Dr. McGlynn's Firm Friends.

New York, Feb. 21.—The usual Sunday scenes took place in and about St. Stephen's yesterday morning. Greater crowds than ever flocked to the church, the preponderance of female pilgrims being very marked. Collections were taken up at all the services, and although Dr. McGlynn's friends resolutely refused to pay admission money or contribute to the offertory, yet over \$500 were gathered in by the energetic collectors and ushers. No reference to the controversy was made in the sermon at 11 o'clock mass. Dr. Langhman was the preacher, and throughout his discourse he endeavored to impress upon his hearers the necessity of loving their neighbors as themselves. A great many parishioners attended mass at other churches, and so strong was the feeling become against the present constitution of the pastorate that a wholesale migration of the disaffected to an adjoining church is contemplated.

The Law Defied.

New Orleans, Feb. 21.—The Gem saloon on Royal street is the only drinking place that has openly attempted to defy the Sunday law since the decision establishing its legality made by the supreme court. The saloon did a rushing business Sunday until checked by the police. David Jackson, proprietor, was arrested and lodged in jail by the new chief of police. There seems to be a conflict of authority between the mayor and his new appointee, as the mayor seemed disinclined to take active steps in the matter. His order was simply to report places open and let the grand jury act. The Gem was not closed, the police simply standing at the door and warning people away, while the barkeepers stood their ground, ready to serve customers.

The Mount Holly Mystery.

MOUNT HOLLY, N. J., Feb. 21.—Another consultation was held at the bedside of Mary Anderson, the girl who was mysteriously shot recently. The conclusion was that she was no worse and, if anything, her symptoms were more favorable. The tendency toward complete paralysis seems to have been arrested, and there is no indication of immediate death. Her cousin Barkley Peak, who is in jail accused of shooting her, has hopes of being admitted to bail. No further attempt will be made to secure a statement from the girl until there is a great change in her condition for the better.

No More Speeches For Blaine.

Boston, Feb. 21.—Representative J. H. Manley, of Augusta, Me., writes to a committee of Irish nationalist of this city who had hoped to secure the services of Hon. James G. Blaine for an address on the public celebration of Robert Emmet's birthday March 5, in Faneuil Hall, that Mr. Blaine will deliver no more speeches publicly until after his new book is issued from the press.

Sporting Notes.

Cleveland proposes a \$1,000 fourteen-inch baseline tournament on the St. Louis principle, with eight players.

Harry Bethune has not yet made up his mind whether he will go to Australia or not. The probabilities are that he will stay here.

If one-half of the challenges made are accepted and come off, the last week of the present month will see nearly 100 flat-out encounters.

A number of professional scullers will probably leave New York to participate in the regatta which is to be held at Orlando, Fla., the latter part of this month.

Harry Gilmore and Jack McAniff, the pugilists, are to be tendered a joint complimentary benefit at Arthur Chambers' theatre, in Philadelphia, next Monday night.

Faddy Smith, of Brooklyn, who is matched to fight Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia, will be tendered a benefit by his friends previous to his going into training, at Temperance Hall, Kent avenue, Brooklyn, on Monday evening next.

Jerome A. Mahoney was the visitor in the cushioned car game at the Home Club, winning from Eugene F. Castles and making an average of 14. This makes the result of the handicap tournament in regard to first place as yet uncertain.

There is mounting in pugilistic circles in Philadelphia since Chief Stewart decided to put an end to prize fights and issued warrants for Dennis Butler, Jack Regan and others interested in the fight on last Friday night. The chief says that he will prosecute all persons having a hand in fights in the Quaker city hereafter.

RUSHING TO DEATH

In the attempt to swim the Niagara Whirlpool Rapids is no more reckless or dangerous than to trifle with disease which each day secures a stronger hold and hastens the end of life. This is specially true of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and nervous headache, which though perhaps slight at first are extremely dangerous, and steadily secure a firmer grip until at last the agony is unendurable and sudden death brings relief.

These diseases can be cured by the use of Athlaphoras which, in connection with Athlaphoras Pills, never fails when properly used. Read the following from those who have tested it.

C. A. Steward, Nelson, Pa., says: "Athlaphoras has saved my mother's life. Last spring, two of the best physicians in the county, said she could not live two months. She had been helpless for a year, had to be lifted off and on the bed, limbs all drawn out of shape, cords contracted, flesh sore to the touch, could not be lifted or touched without screaming aloud. The soreness is all gone, the cords relaxed, appetite good, and gaining every day, and I think a few more bottles will cure her."

New Haven, Conn. I had the neuralgia for three months in my face. Went to the doctor; he gave me some medicine to take internally and a preparation of chloroform to put on the outside, but it did not do any good. Could not sleep night or day. Had suffered so much and so long that I was afraid it would drive me crazy. Was told to try Athlaphoras by a party it had cured of the rheumatism. After taking part of a bottle the pain all left as by magic, and now I am well, with not a sign of neuralgia about me.

MAMIE DETMICH, 16 Hudson St. Every druggist should keep Athlaphoras and Athlaphoras Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlaphoras Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is \$1.00 per bottle for Athlaphoras and 50c for Pills. For liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constipation, headache, impure blood, etc., Athlaphoras Pills are unequalled.

NEW PLAINING MILL

At Locust Grove, near Grove & Wolf's saw mill.

IRA BARGER,

has just opened a new and complete planing mill at the above place, and is prepared to fill all orders for

SASH, ——— DOORS,

—SIDING—

MOULDING, ——— BRACKETS,

or anything else in his line. Rates as reasonable as elsewhere, and satisfaction guaranteed.

IRA T. BARGER,

9feby Spring Mills

SELLING OFF AT COST.

S. U. THOMPSON,

(Successor to W. I. Fleming & Co.)

is selling off at cost to reduce stock.

An elegant line of —GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,—

—Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Satchels, etc.—

—NECKTIES, SCARF AND SILK HANDKERCHIEFS,—

is the finest and most complete ever brought to Bellefonte, and will be sold at bargains.

Suits made to order at cost prices.

WE MEAN BUSINESS

S. U. THOMPSON,

Next door to Post Office, Bellefonte.

THE PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE

INS. CO. OF CALIFORNIA.

ORGANIZED 1867.

LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

Alex. M. Dean, Manager of Eastern Department.

—Cash Assets Over \$1,350,000.00.—

The only Life Insurance Company in the United States whose stockholders are by law liable for the debts of the corporation.

ITS ACCIDENT POLICIES

provide for 50 weeks indemnity. One-half principal sum for loss of both eyes or two limbs.

No deduction at death for indemnity previously paid.

LOW CASH RATES.

NO ASSESSMENTS.

Cash paid Policyholders over \$3,200,000.

For Agencies in Pennsylvania apply to

A. D. LUNDY & CO.,

(State Agents)

Williamsport, Pa.

C. DINGES, Special Agent.

MADAME DEAN'S



CORSETS

Supporting Spinal Cord. Energetic and intelligent ladies wanted to introduce our popular Corsets in every country. No experience necessary. 150 different styles to select from. Largest commission, best terms, and most reliable goods. Satisfaction guaranteed. Exclusive territory given. \$3 OUTFIT FREE. Illustrated Catalogue and particulars free. Write for terms at once. Ask for our \$300 Cash Premium List. Our new book entitled "PILLS FOR LADIES," with history of Worth (Illustrated), sent on receipt of application. IT WILL PAY EXPENSES. DON'T DELAY IF YOU WISH TO SECURE TERRITORY.

LEWIS SCHILL & CO., 300 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WE "MADE A BREAK"

BUT NOT A BAD ONE.

WE RECENTLY MADE A BREAK FROM OUR ORDINARY LINE OF GOODS, WE HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN SECURING THE AGENCY FOR CENTRE COUNTY FOR THE

CELEBRATED PATTERSON ORGAN,

WHICH IS ONE OF THE FINEST TONED INSTRUMENTS IN THE MARKET. ANOTHER FEATURE IS THAT WE GUARANTEE IT TO BE THE BEST FOR THE MONEY. EXAMINE IT YOURSELF. WE CONSTANTLY HAVE ON HAND A FULL LINE OF

FINE SILVERWARE, GOLD PENS, PENCILS, RINGS,

PINS, CHARMS, HAINS, GOLD AND SILVER SPECTACLES. A FULL

Line of Silverware, Spoons, Forks, Cutlery, Pocket Knives, Revolvers,

WATCHES,

We have in stock all of the leading Watches made in this country. We have

THE ELGIN,

THE ROCKFORD,

THE WALTHAM,

AND ALL AMERICAN WATCHES.

CLOCKS,

We claim that we have the completest line of Clocks ever

opened in Centre Co. We have

small and large with handsome

cases. We can give you anything

you want in this line at

exceptionally low prices.

E. A. GLENN & CO., Centre Hall, Pa.

Next door to Hotel

J. Q. A. Kennedy, Manager,

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—Simon Porter, a farmer, shot and fatally wounded his fifteen-year-old daughter, near Point Pleasant, West Virginia, on the morning of the 7th, because she refused to milk a cow which had kicked her the night before. The dead body of Alfred Blizard, 55 years of age, was found in a creek, near Greenville, Ohio, on the 6th. He had evidently been murdered, and is supposed to have been killed in a house of evil repute he was in the habit of visiting.

—The official investigation of the railroad horror near White River Junction, Vermont, was begun on the 7th. It is now believed that all the injured will recover. The wife of ex-Governor Fairbanks is supposed to be among the lost. One of the Selectmen of the town of Hartford says that, "in his opinion, the bodies of 46 persons killed have thus far been taken from the wreck, although this is not by actual count." Isaac Gates, undertaker, says "32 bodies have been brought to his care, 7 of which have been identified and removed, and perhaps 5 more are susceptible of identification."

—Frederick Mueller attempted suicide by cutting his throat in Washington on the 7th. He is likely to recover. He said at the hospital that failure to secure employment, worry over his wife and child in Philadelphia, and hunger, all tempted him to the deed.

—Near the Lebanon Valley Furnace, in Lebanon county, Penna., on the morning of the 6th, an iron tank on a truck filled with red hot cinders collided with another car and the hot metal was thrown over Peter Redding, aged 45, and Henry Kurtz, aged 38. Redding died soon after the accident, and Kurtz died on the morning of the 7th.

—The earthquake reported by Western telegrams on the 6th was very generally felt throughout central and southern Illinois and Indiana. It also gave the city of St. Louis a shake, which was especially felt in the outskirts.

—The wholesale drug store of M. T. Sprague & Co., in Mobile, was burned early on the morning of the 7th. Loss, \$28,000; insurance \$17,000. James McDonnell was killed and Frank McLearnay fatally injured by the fall of a rear wall.

—Near De Kalb, on the 7th a fight occurred between four members of a family named White on the one side and Colonel John E. Rosser, his fifteen-year old son, Willie, and a hired man named Mullens, on the other. Rosser, and three of the Whites were killed, and Rosser's son and the other White were wounded. Mullin was not to be found. The trouble grew out of an attempt by Rosser to eject the Whites from a property which they had bought of him, but failed to pay for. Detective Hurligan, assaulted by ruffians on the railroad train near Ravenna, Ohio, died on the morning of the 8th in Cleveland. He leaves a widow and four children.

—Benjamin Chamberlain, bookkeeper for Combs, Hannan & Co., at the stock yards in Chicago, who was arrested some time ago on the charge of embezzlement, and discharged, was re-arrested on the 7th and bailed in \$4000. It is said his "shortage" amounts to \$11,000.

—Two freight trains collided early on the morning of the 8th, near Dubois, Georgia, wrecking the engines. A tramp was killed and one of the engineers injured. The injured engineer and his fireman are supposed to have been asleep.

—Elgin, Illinois, awoke on the morning of the 8th to find itself suffering from a severe flood. All over the town cellars were filled with water. There was water to the depth of several feet in Cook's Publishing House, and the basements of stores were inundated. The Chicago street railway bridge was partially washed away, and it was reported that the dam at Algonquin, a few miles north of the city, had been destroyed. The Susquehanna river at Lock Haven rose rapidly on the 8th, in consequence of heavy rains. All the tributaries were swollen, and at Westham the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad tracks were overflowed. The river at Williamsport reached a height of seventeen feet on the evening of the 8th, and the ice was running down freely.

—Heavy floods are reported in the rivers of Illinois and Indiana, also in Northern New York, doing much damage to property in various cities. Two million feet of saw logs were swept away by the moving of the ice gorge above Lock Haven, Penna., on the 8th.

—Louis Klepp and Nicholas Minn- baugh, boiler-makers, were suffocated on the 9th, while repairing a furnace boiler at Girard, Ohio.

—John C. Leighton, for nineteen years clerk of the Municipal Criminal Court at Boston, who resigned a short time ago, is reported to be a defaulter. It was at first said the amount would be \$200,000, but Judge Forsaith, on the 9th, "assured a reporter the discrepancy in Leighton's accounts was comparatively small, and that Mr. Leighton could straighten it without drawing heavily on his purse."

—Raymond R. Noonan, a young mail clerk on the New York, Susquehanna and Western Railroad, was arrested on the 9th in Jersey City on the charge of robbing the mails. He has been in the service only three weeks. A gang of American thieves is attending the carnival in Montreal. A telegram from that city says that on the 8th "they smashed the plate-glass windows in Stoddart's jewelry store, held the doors closed by a pine board, and rifled the windows of \$5000 worth of diamonds and rings. They afterward repeated the operation at another jewelry store on McGill street. This was done while the streets were crowded with people, but no arrests were made."

—Disastrous floods are reported in the Maple, Grand and Raisin rivers in Michigan. At Lyons, three buildings were demolished and many others damaged on the evening of the 10th, and the water was four feet deep in a number of dwellings and stores. It was raining again on the morning of the 11th, and further damage was feared. The losses were estimated at over \$75,000. A similar condition of affairs existed at Muir. At Monroe, the streets adjacent to the river were filled with great cakes of ice. At Jackson, cellars in the business section of the town were flooded to a depth of from one and a half to two and a half feet. Three Rivers is surrounded by water; all the houses there have

Montgomery, Alabama, on the 7th, for violating the law imposing a license tax of ten dollars for the State and five dollars for the county. He was found guilty on the morning of the 8th, in the County Court and paid the fine and costs, amounting to fifty-five dollars. Immediately on his release he was re-arrested on a warrant sworn out by the officer who arrested him, charging him with bribery in offering the officer five dollars not to execute the first warrant of arrest. On the last charge he was bound over to await the action of the Grand Jury, giving bond for two hundred and fifty dollars.

—Edward Loew, city editor of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, in Milwaukee, was on the 7th, sentenced by Judge Sloan to thirty days' labor in the House of Correction for contempt of court in causing to be published libellous statements in connection with the trial of Grottkau, the Anarchist.

—The latest estimate of the number of killed by the disaster at White River Junction, Vermont, makes it 32. "There was brought to Windsor, on the Connecticut river road, 30; to White River Junction, on the Boston and Lowell road, 37; taken on at White River Junction, 6; trainmen, 12. Total on train, 85, accounted for as follows: Injured per surgeon's official list, 36; dead bodies recovered to Sunday, surgeon's count, 27; found Sunday, 5; known to have gone north on trains, 12; known to have returned home, 5. Total 85." It is said that "a twelve-inch fragment of rail, picked up at the scene of the Central Vermont accident, shows that the rail from which it was broken must have been very defective. It was steel-plated, and weighed fifty-six pounds to the yard. The ends are broken and jagged, and for a space of two inches on the ends of one side of the thread the steel is broken off, while a crack, which extends nearly the length of the piece, shows that the steel was not thoroughly rolled on or welded to the iron."

—In Memphis, on the evening of the 8th, Mrs. Thompson, proprietress of a shooting gallery, "while firing at a target by looking in a mirror and aiming over her shoulder," shot and killed William Finley, aged 15 years, who was employed as marker in the gallery. J. T. Lane, who lived near De Witt, Illinois, was bitten in the ankle ten weeks ago by a pet dog. A few days ago he was seized with tetanic or hydrophobic symptoms and became violently insane from fear. On the 8th he was sent to Jacksonville for treatment, and was temporarily placed in the jail. Two hours afterward he was found dead in the cell.

—A telegram from Mason City, Iowa, says the hog plague which has been raging in that section is abating. As an evidence of its fatality it is stated that "within a radius of two miles of the village of Nora Springs 1407 hogs have died," and this is not exceptional.

—In Green County, Kentucky, on the 5th, the dead body of John Keeth was found "wrapped in a blanket and concealed inside the carcass of a dead horse." It is supposed he was murdered. Keeth had been missing for several days, and the discovery was made through a dog belonging to his brother-in-law, William Despain. Deceased leaves a wife and six children.

—Near Warsaw, Indiana, on the 9th, a party of hunters found the mutilated body of Perry Dunham, a short distance from his house. In the house, a two-year old girl had her throat cut, and Mrs. Dunham insensible, with a number of cuts in her body. It is supposed the tragedy was the work of robbers. A small farmhouse near Jefferson, Iowa, occupied by a man named Lucklum, was burned on the afternoon of the 8th, and Lucklum's father, wife and son were burned to death. The neighbors found the doors fastened, and afterwards a gun and a revolver were found near the charred remains of the old man.

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been closed; vast quantities of lumber are afloat, and the Lake Shore track is threatened. It is reported that one life has been lost near Lyons. Heavy freshets are reported in the Maumee, St. Joseph's and St. Mary's rivers in Indiana. At Fort Wayne, many families have been compelled to move to the upper stories of their dwellings, or abandon them altogether. Along the river, between Fort Wayne and Toledo, factories have been closed, and there is great distress among the people.

—A telegram from New Brunswick, New Jersey, says the minutes of the Common Council of that city from 1872 to 1880 are missing. "They cover the years in which the greatest municipal reforms were made, the Degraaf defalcation occurring, the Sewage Commission organized, etc." Ex-City Clerk Tindell affirms that he turned the minutes over to City Clerk Cook in June, 1885. Their loss was discovered by City Treasurer Neilson. The minutes would be invaluable to the city in case of legal complications."

—Reports from the lower Susquehanna continue to show great damage from water and ice. The railroad bridge at Safe Harbor has been moved from its piers. Near Turkey Hill ice is piled on the Columbia and York Deposit Railroad tracks to a height of fifteen feet. A large quantity of timber is coming down the river.

—Burglars entered the shop of Jos. Lowengart, pawnbroker, in Harrisburg, on the 10th, and took away 100 gold watches, a lot of gold rings, several gold rimmed spectacles, and two or three revolvers. Albert Gorman and Samuel Mull, of Terre Hill, Lancaster county, Penna., were arrested on the 10th for violation of the revenue laws. It is charged that Gorman stole a lot of unstamped cigars and traded them off in payment of rent to Mull, who disposed of them. The accused gave bail.

—Ex-Alderman O'Neill, convicted of receiving a bribe, was sentenced in New York, on the 11th, to four and a half years' imprisonment, and ordered to pay a fine of \$2000. A stay of execution for ten days was subsequently granted in order that his counsel might have time to prepare an appeal.

—Thomas F. McGowan, a prominent citizen of Duluth, fell from an upper promenade box to the stage, in a theatre in Minneapolis, at the close of a performance on the 10th. He broke his neck and was dead when picked up.

—A violent wind storm raged on the 11th, in Easter Ohio. At Louisville, in Stark county, seven houses and a factory were blown down and the Catholic church and Seminary were partially demolished. "Not a chimney is left standing in the town." The loss is estimated at over \$100,000. At Wooster houses were unroofed, trees and fences levelled, a dwelling was wrecked and the tower of one church was blown through the roof of another. During a wind storm at Tyrone, Penna., on the 11th, a tree was blown down, killing four Hungarian laborers who had taken shelter under it.

—Much damage was done by high winds in the lower portion of Jersey City on the 11th. Eight hundred feet of new trestle on the Junction Railroad was demolished, and a stable and its contents were wrecked by the flying timbers. A three-story frame dwelling in course of erection had one side blown out. Thomas Tallon, a brakeman, was badly injured by being blown from a train. A tornado, accompanied by a tremendous peal of thunder and flash of lightning, visited Shelbyville, Indiana, on the 11th. A two-story brick barn was demolished. No other building was touched, the storm subsiding suddenly. "One of the worst blizzards of the season" in Western Minnesota raged there on the 11th and 12th. A heavy snow storm prevailed at Montreal on the 11th, preventing the outgoing of railroad trains and compelling visitors to the carnival to remain another day.

—A fire in Augusta, Georgia, on the evening of the 12th, destroyed the Opera House building, Globe Hotel, B. White's shoe and clothing store and the store of Daly & Armstrong. Several other properties were damaged. The losses aggregate \$185,000, of which about two-thirds are covered by insurance. The fire broke out just after a matinee performance by Mrs. Bowers' company. The entire stage wardrobe of the company, valued at \$20,000, is lost. The blacksmith and machine shops of the Savannah, Florida and Western Railway in Savannah, were burned on the morning of the 12th. Loss, \$70,000; insurance, \$94,000. One hundred and fifty men are thrown out of work.

—The intense cold and deep snow which have prevailed in Montana since the middle of November, continue, and it is feared that when the blockade is raised and reports come from various quarters of the Territory, an appalling loss of life will be revealed.

—Spear S. Hollingsworth, ex-Treasurer of Knox county, Indiana, was convicted of embezzlement at Vincennes, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. He is charged with having embezzled about \$80,000. Thomas M. Joseph, of Galveston, for ten years Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of Texas, is reported to be "short" in his accounts to an amount variously estimated at from \$12,000 to \$30,000.

—George Wilson was indicted at Al- bion, New York, on the 12th, for murder, in having choked his wife to death with a towel about four weeks ago. In San Francisco on the 11th, George Messmer shot and fatally wounded a man named Muller, shot Muller's wife in the arm and then attempted suicide. It is thought he will not recover. Messmer's wife had obtained a divorce, and Mrs. Muller was her sister. In Omaha, on the 11th, during the temporary absence of his wife, John Jacobson strangled to death his infant child and then hanged himself. The cause of the deed was "despondency over an ulcerated leg."

—Ten prisoners convicted of larceny were publicly whipped in the jail yard at New Castle, Delaware, on the 12th.

—The rising flood at Lyons, Michigan, on the 12th, cut off all communication with the surrounding country. Reports from Muir, on the opposite side of the river, show that the business part of Lyons was being swept by a torrent, that twenty buildings had been carried away and as many more moved from their foundations. The flood at Fort Wayne, Indiana, was the greatest on record there, and the damage done was estimated at \$10,000. Much damage has been done by floods in Northern and Western New York.

—Thomas and Richard Forest, aged respectively 18 and 16 years, were killed by a train while walking on the railroad near Mystic, Rhode Island, on the 12th. Simpson Hamilton and Thomas Spillers were crushed to death by the falling of a barn at Russellville, Arkansas, on the 11th.

—The largest saloon in Leavenworth, Kansas, was closed by the Sheriff on the 11th on complaint of Messrs. Mueller and Anthony, representatives of the Law and Order League. While passing the closed saloon at night, the complainants were assaulted by some roughs. Mueller shot and wounded one of them in the leg and the roughs were then driven away by the police.

—An explosion took place on the 12th on the freight shed of the Morgan Steamship Company's pier, on the North river, New York. The explosion was slight, and the fire started by it was soon extinguished. On search, the neck of a pint whiskey bottle was found, and it was ascertained that the flask had contained phosphorus.

46th CONGRESS—2d SESSION

SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate on the 7th, the credentials of Francis B. Stockbridge as senator from Michigan, for the term beginning March 4th next, were presented and referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. The two House bills appropriating \$21,000,000 for modern ordnance and coast fortifications, were taken up and passed, with some amendments reported by the Committee on Coast Defences. The bills were passed without debate and without a division. The gun factory provided for in the Ordnance bill is to be at the Washington Navy Yard. The House bills to amend the act prohibiting the importation of foreign contract labor and to amend the laws in relation to the immediate transportation of dutiable goods were also passed. A message from the House requesting a certified copy of the Chinese Indemnity bill, was ordered to be complied with. The Senate then resumed consideration of the Eads-Tehuantepec bill. Pending debate the Senate went into secret session, and when the doors were reopened adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 8th, bills were taken from the calendar and passed, among them a bill to amend the statutes in relation to the immediate transportation of dutiable goods, and a bill to prohibit any officer, agent, or servant of the Government hiring or contracting out the labor of prisoners. The House bill relating to the importing and landing of mackerel caught during the spawning season was taken up. During its discussion Mr. Edmunds presented a report from the Commissioner of Fisheries as to complaints from owners of vessels of ill treatment on the Canadian coasts, showing 67 cases in addition to those reported to the State Department. On motion of Mr. Hear an amendment to the Mackerel Fishing bill was adopted, postponing the period when it is to take effect from March 1st next until March 1st, 1888. Pending further action the Senate went into executive session, and, when the doors were reopened, adjourned.

No business was done on the 9th in the United States Senate, the entire session being given up to eulogies of the late Senator Logan. There was a large attendance in the galleries, and among those present were Mrs. Logan and her son and daughter. The speakers were Messrs. Culum, Morgan, Edmunds, Manderson, Allison, Hawley, Spooner, Cockrell, Frye, Plumb, Everett, Sabin, Palmer and Farwell. An appropriate resolution, offered by Mr. Culum, was adopted, and the Senate then, as a mark of respect, adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 10th, the House substitute for the Chinese Indemnity bill was passed. A disagreement was reported by the conference committee on the amendment to the bill to repeal the pre-emption, timber culture, and desert land laws, and another conference was ordered. Mr. Hale, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, reported back the bill for the purchase of Ericsson's "Destroyer," and it was referred to the Committee on Appropriations. The House bill prohibiting off shore mackerel fishing during the spawning season was passed—yeas, 34; nays, 11. The Eads Tehuantepec bill was discussed, pending which the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 11th, bills "to increase the naval establishment," by Mr. Cameron, and "to provide for the increase of the naval establishment," by Mr. Hale, were introduced and referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs. A resolution heretofore offered by Mr. Blair was adopted, directing the Committee on Education and Labor to continue during the recess and complete the investigation of the relations between labor and capital. The Eads Tehuantepec bill was discussed. A bill was passed increasing to \$250,000 the limit of cost for a public building in Scranton, Pa. Adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 12th, Mr. Cameron's bill to increase the naval establishment, and Mr. Hale's bill of similar purport, both introduced on the 11th, were reported back with some amendments. The consideration of the Post-office Appropriation bill was resumed. A free ship amendment offered by Mr. Morgan was defeated—yeas, 19; nays, 31. The subsidy amendment was agreed to—33 to 14, and the bill was passed. After a secret session the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

In the House on the 7th, a number of bills were introduced under the call of States and referred. Among them was one by Mr. Reed, of Maine (for Mr. Dingley), to protect the fisheries of the United States. It makes foreign vessels, within the three-mile limit of the United States, liable to seizure and forfeiture. Mr. Springer, of Illinois, moved to suspend the rules and pass the Senate bill providing that all private claim bills or petitions for the payment of private claims presented to Congress shall be referred to the Court of Claims for a judicial ascertainment of the facts, and for the report of those facts to Congress. Lost—yeas, 70, nays, 75—for want of two-thirds in the affirmative. Mr. Bayne of Pennsylvania, moved to suspend the rules and pass the Senate bill fixing the salaries of United States District Judges at \$5000. Lost—yeas 144, nays 109. The rules were suspended and bills were passed for the erection of a \$250,000 public building at Augusta, Georgia; increasing to \$300,000 the limit for the public building at Troy, New York; appropriating \$125,000 for completion of the public building in Detroit, and granting the right of way through the Indian Territory to the Chicago, Kansas and Nebraska Railroad Company. Adjourned.

In the House on the 8th, a bill was passed appropriating \$1,500,000 for a public building in Brooklyn, New York. Bills were reported from the Committee on Coinage for the issue of subsidiary silver coin, and from the Committee on Civil Service Reform fixing the salaries of the Civil Service Commissioners at \$5000 per annum. The bill relating to the compensation of United States Attorneys, Marshals and Commissioners (substituting salaries for the fee system) was discussed in the morning hour. The Senate bill to indemnify certain subjects of the Chinese Empire for losses sustained by the violence of the mob at Rock Springs, Wyoming Territory, on September 2d, 1885, was considered in Committee of the Whole. After debate the House bill on the subject was substituted for the Senate bill, reported to the House and passed. A Senate bill was then passed prohibiting the importation of opium into the United States by any subject of the Emperor of China. Adjourned.

The House on the 9th, resumed consideration of the bill changing the mode of compensation of United States Attorneys, Marshals and Commissioners, and it was discussed until the expiration of the morning hour. The Diplomatic Appropriation bill was considered in Committee of the Whole, but not disposed of. Announcement was made of the death of Representative Price, of Michigan, and after the usual mortuary addresses, the House adjourned.

In the House on the 11th, a number of private bills were considered. A message was received from the President transmitting, without his approval, the Dependent Pension bill. After it had been read, Mr. Matson, of Indiana, moved that the bill and accompanying message be referred to the Committee on Invalid Pensions, promising that they would be reported back within the coming week. The motion was agreed to—yeas, 137; nays, 27. An evening session was held to consider pension bills.

In the House on the 12th, the Senate bill for the retirement and recoinage of the trade dollar was taken up, and after debate the bill was passed—174 to 36, with an amendment providing "that the recoinage of trade dollars under this act shall not be considered as a part of the silver bullion required to be purchased and coined under the provisions of the Bland law." Pending consideration of the Diplomatic Appropriation bill the House adjourned.

STATE LEGISLATURE.

SENATE.

In the Senate on the 7th, the session was confined to the calendar of bills on first reading, of which 38 were read.

In the Senate on the 8th the committees reported favorably the following measures: To prohibit impure milk traffic; the House bill (No. 2) to preserve the health of female employees in manufacturing, mechanical and other establishments, and to prohibit the employment of children under 15 years of age in or about any mill, manufactory or mine.

The Liquor Traffic bill, introduced by Mr. Reyburn, increasing the license rate, etc., was reported negatively.

In the Senate on the 9th, were introduced by Mr. Huff, the bill pending at the session of 1885, amending the General Incorporation law so as to relieve full paid capital stock of liability to further assessment. Mr. Cooper's bill, authorizing and requiring publication of Mercantile Appraisers' lists, was passed finally—34 to 3. Adjourned.

In the Senate on the 10th, the following measures were negatively by committees: Fixing the compensation of election officers by the number of votes they receive; prohibiting the feeding of live animals to snakes and serpents; confirmatory of conveyances of real estate; to prevent the adulteration of candy or confectionery.

HOUSE.

In the House on the 7th, the following bills were introduced: Mr. Keyser, to amend the Liquor License act of May 8, 1854, so as to provide for a trial by jury before a liquor license can be revoked for violation of the law. Mr. Chase, to provide that a verdict of a jury shall be decided by a two-thirds vote of the jurors.

In the House on the 8th petitions signed by 130,000 persons were presented, asking for the passage of the joint resolution submitting to the people the question of an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors.

The act to secure to married women their separate earnings, and enable them to become liable for the payment of debts, was passed finally and sent to the Senate.

In the House on the 9th the following

bills were reported favorably from committees: To encourage forest culture, providing penalties for the wilful destruction of forests. A joint resolution providing for an amendment to the Constitution providing for female suffrage.

The Senate joint resolution proposing a prohibitory amendment to the State Constitution was passed—130 to 66. Adjourned.

In the House on the 10th, bills were reported favorably from committees as follows: From the Judiciary General Committee—To provide that two-thirds of a jury shall decide the verdict in Court trials; to increase the salary of the Deputy Secretary of Internal Affairs to \$2500; Senate bill to regulate sales by sample, making such sales a warranty of capital. From the Committee on Ways and Means—To exempt household goods, carriages, watches, &c., from State Tax.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Be severe to yourself, indulgent to others, and thus avoid resentment.

Temperance is a tree which has contentment for its root and peace for its fruit.

Ennui is a malady for which the only remedy is work, pleasure is only a palliative.

The heart is a book which we ought not to tear in our hurry to get at its contents.

I am convinced that men do more harm to themselves than ever the devil could do to them.

The way for a man to secure himself from wickedness is to withdraw from the examples of it.

Talents are best nurtured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world.

If the sun has gone down, look up at the stars. If the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven.

It requires as much reflection and wisdom to know what is not to be put into a sermon as what is.

Each particle of matter is an immensity, each leaf a world, each insect an inexplicable compendium.

In general there is no one with whom life drags so disagreeably as with him who tries to make it shorter.

There is no man so friendless but that he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

I have prayed the gross fool to believe the bosom of a friend would hold a secret mine own could not contain.

Beware, therefore, not only of an implicit faith, but of being too closely tied up to reason, where faith is required.

Take all the sorrows out of life, and you take away all richness, and depth, and tenderness. Sorrow is the furnace that melts selfish hearts together in love.

Folly soon wears out her shoes. She dances so fast we are all of us tired. Golden wires may annoy us as much as steel bars, if they keep us behind prison windows.

Death opens the gate to fame, and shuts the gate of envy after it; it unloosens the chain of the captive, and puts the bondsman's task into another man's hand.

Your disposition will be suitable to that which you most frequently think on, for the soul is, as it were, fringed with the color and complexion of its own thoughts.

The human race are sons of sorrow born, and each must have his portion. Vulgar minds refuse to crouch beneath their load, the brave bear theirs without repining.

A New York tradesman says he is ready to die any time after he has money enough on hand to pay the expenses of a first-class funeral. He is obliged to live because he cannot afford to die.

Physicians have determined that if in man one faculty is lacking another faculty becomes unusually strong. We have noticed that where a politician has no conscience his bank account grows very large.

There be men who are never so happy as when talking about what they don't understand, and because the things they understand are not many, their talk has wide range and their nimble tongues run on continually.

Who is this natural beauty, who advances with so much grace? The rose is on her cheeks, her breath is pure as morning dew, joy tempered with modesty animates her countenance. It is Health, the daughter of Exercise and Temperance.

Temptation is a fearful word. It indicates the beginning of a possible series of infinite evils. It is the ringing of an alarm bell, whose melancholy sounds may reverberate through eternity. Like the sudden, sharp cry of "fire!" in the night, it should rouse us to instantaneous activity, and brace every muscle to its highest tension.

THE MARKETS.

PROVISIONS—	
Beef city fat bl.	10 00
Hams	21 00
Pork Mess.	13 00
Prime Mess, new	12 00
Sides smoked	7 00
Shoulders smoked	6 00
Do in salt	7 00
Smoked Beef	15 00
Lard Western bl.	7 00
Lard loose	6 00
FLOUR—	
West. and Pa. sup.	2 50
Pa. Family	3 75
Min. Clear	4 15
Pat. Wt. Wm.	4 25
Rye Flour	3 00
GRAIN—	
Wheat No. 1 red.	75 00
Do.	76 00
Corn, No. 2 White	45 00
No. 3	43 00
Oat, No. 1 White	40 00
No. 2 do.	37 00
No. 3 Mixed	36 00
FISH—	
Mackerel, Large Is.	45 00
No. 2 Shore	15 00
Herring, Lab.	5 00
SUGAR—	
Powered	6 00
Granulated	5 00
Confec. A.	5 00
HAY AND STRAW—	
Timothy, chas.	15 00
Silage	10 00
Cut Hay	15 00
Rye Straw	14 00
Wheat Straw	14 00
WOOL—	
Michigan fine fleece	35 00

To a Maid Demure.

Often when the night is come,
With its quiet group at home,
While they brooder, knit, or sew,
Read, or chat in voices low,
Suddenly you lift your eyes
With an earnest look, and wise;
But I cannot read their lore—
Tell me less, or tell me more.

Like a picture in a book,
Pure and peaceful is your look;
Quietly you wait your way,
Steadfast duty fills the days,
Neither tears nor fierce delights,
Fervid days nor tossing nights,
Any troublous dream confess—
Tell me more, or tell me less.

Swift the weeks are on the wing;
Years are brief, and love a thing
Blooming, fading, like a flower;
Wake and sleep the little hour,
Give me welcome or farewell;
Quick! I wait! And who can tell
What to-morrow may befall—
Love me more, or not at all.

MY STRANGE VISITOR.

BY FRANK CLAIRINGTON.

Some distance from the town of L— and on one of the roads running through it, stands an old vacant house. It is a rambling old structure of yellow stone, with high narrow windows, heavy oaken doors, wide, dark entries, and barn-like rooms. It is surrounded by a grove of fir and pine trees, which give it a gloomy appearance.

This is the Yellow Mansion, and as I pass it I shudder, for in one of its upper rooms I met with an adventure I will never forget as long as I draw breath.

Soon after graduating from the medical college at X—, I decided to settle down in L—. Of course, it would be years before I became popular—people do not like young doctors—so I thought it would be better for me to take a place with a small rent.

The only place that suited me in this respect was the Yellow Mansion; it had been unoccupied for years and I got it for a mere song. I fitted up a neat room as an office and made it very comfortable, the only drawback to me was the loneliness of my place of business.

However, I only noticed this at night, and soon drove it off by reading. Frequently I would get interested in a newspaper or book, and find it long past midnight when I would lie it down.

One cold December night, while I sat thus occupied on a volume of travel, I heard the large front door slam and the sound of footsteps in the hall. I glanced at my watch, half past eleven, and then I wondered who the stranger could be, for every one of my patients were doing nicely, and all in L— knew my office hours were 7 to 9.

I arose to my feet and glanced out. It was a fearful night, the wind moaned drunkenly around the house, rattling the shrunken doors and sashes, and sent the snow sifting across the window like sand. I felt a cold chill pass over me. I was by no means nervous or superstitious, but I could not repress a feeling that something unpleasant was about to happen.

The sound of footsteps drew nearer; and presently the door opened and a middle-aged man entered. He was tall, slender and well dressed and fine looking, but he seemed frightened and wild as he looked at me and said:

"Are you Dr. Bracefame?"

"I am," I replied. "What do you wish?"

"Ah, yes!" he said absently, "ah, what do I wish! I must explain to this man my errand. I came here to have out my revenge."

"Your revenge? Why, my dear fellow, I never met you before." (I laughed as I spoke, for I thought that one of L—'s practical jokers was trying to spring a new trick on me.)

"The stranger turned his jet black eyes toward me. 'I have journeyed miles to see you, and at last—at last, I have found you. You shall suffer.'

As he spoke he dashed to the door, locked it, then giving the key a jerk sent it spinning through the window.

Then the terrible truth flashed across my mind—he was a madman.

"Hah, hah," he cried, "you are the man who ruined me by stealing Minnie. I loved Minnie, oh, so dearly, and she would have been mine but for you—it was you that won her affections, by your smooth tongue and polished manners, and now she is the broken-hearted little wife of a scoundrel."

I felt my heart give a great bound of terror. Alone with a lunatic in an old deserted house, it was appalling. I could not call for assistance, he would, no doubt, become violent; and even if I did, it would do no good, for it was very seldom that a traveler passed Yellow Mansion at that hour. My only course seemed to be to humor him.

"My friend," I said pleasantly, "I am afraid I am the wrong person. I do not know Minnie."

"You lie," he shouted, angrily; "you lie, wretch. You know, well enough, who the girl is."

This was strange talk to a man who prided himself in being called a bachelor.

"Well, tell me who she is," I said, trying to make the matter a joke.

"Ah, you wish to throw me off the scent," he answered, "Minnie, the girl I speak of, is Minnie Warbrane. Those lovely brown eyes, that soft black hair, falling like a cloud on her shoulders, have haunted me. Well do I remember the beautiful young girl tripping so gaily across the meadows, so cheerful, so bright—just eighteen; and she would have been mine, as I said before, but for you, villain. But, I will have my revenge."

"Revenge! revenge!" he shrieked, and the room rang with his crazy laughter, and then to my consternation he drew a revolver from his pocket.

He handled the weapon for a moment, then he leveled it at my head saying:

"This is the way I settle old scores. A new way of paying old debts—you pay your debt with your life. I will give you two minutes and then blow your brains out."

All was over with me now. I felt my heart beat against my side with its steady thump, thump, sending the hot blood through my veins.

I looked around the department in despair. Yes, there was no escape, I

must die by his bullet. I glanced at the closed door, the walls, the bottles of medicine on the shelves, and just then my eye fell upon something that would render assistance—my galvanic battery. The handle of it resembled cups, and thus gave me an idea.

"Say, old fellow," I said, quite friendly, and in a careless way, "don't you think that death by poison would be better than that?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I have a deadly poison here—a powerful drug," (I said this grandly) and it will kill instantly. See how fine it will be for you to say you poisoned me, and tell it to Minnie."

"Not so bad," he exclaimed, lowering the weapon and shoving it back in his pocket.

"I thought you would agree," I replied, stepping over to the battery.

"Now, you stand here, hold these two cups, one in each hand, and you pass them quickly to me, and I will drink their contents."

He came forward seemingly delighted, and I placed the handles in his hands.

"Now for the drug," I said, placing my hand on the lever.

It was a frightful moment. I trembled violently—he began to suspect—he looked toward me—he turned and was about to dash the handles to the floor, but too late! My hand seized the lever. I drew it out and the hollow roar of electricity broke the stillness.

Saved! Thank Heaven! My faithful servant would do its work till my foe dropped dead from exhaustion.

I went over to the window—a desire to call for assistance seized me. Placing my mouth to the aperture made by the key, I gave a loud shout, and to my surprise and delight some person answered me. Above the noise made by the storm, I could hear the sound of voices, and of footsteps which seemed to be approaching. Some one was coming to my assistance. Nearer and nearer came the sounds, and I heard them in the entry.

"Burst open the door," I called.

This was done and three men entered. They were all dressed in blue uniform and on their caps were in gilt letters the words Riverville Asylum. They were attendants. I shut off the current and my visitor was bound securely.

"You have had a thrilling adventure," said one of them, who was addressed as Vabman, to me.

"I have, indeed," I replied.

"Well," he continued, with a smile, "you may be glad you managed him so easily. We are attendants at the asylum, and as soon as we learned he escaped, we set out. He was nowhere in the town when we arrived, so we took a run around on the outskirts, and while thus occupied we heard your call."

"Is he dangerous?" I inquired.

Vabman looked at the others, and all laughed.

"One of the worst patients in the institution, and you may know he is pretty rough when three of us had to be sent after him. He said something about your marrying his girl, didn't he?"

I laughed and answered in the affirmative.

"Well, that's the way he tackles all strangers. Odd, too, for he never had any love trouble, they say. So now, sir, we will bid you good-bye."

In a few weeks I moved from the old mansion into a pleasant little office in the town—Strangely enough, the poor fellow regained reason and is now one of the most prominent business men of L—.

Little does he suspect that he gave me such a fright and that he once was My Strange Visitor.

Barefooted Boys in Gray.

"If you had been around just after the rout at Nashville," said an old soldier, "you would have thought there were 10,000 elephants let loose in the country. The ground was covered with snow, and, as you may imagine, the air was eager and dipping. The routed Confederates put down the snow-covered pikes, making for Corinth and thence to Mobile, 240 miles distant. We were clothed with nothing but shirts and breeches, comparatively few owning old hats, and here and there a fortunate man with a pair of shoes. The half-starved and half-frozen men wrapped their feet in old sacks and any sort of rags they could get until the tracks they made were great round holes in the snow like the tracks of elephants. Gen. Lowrey—God bless his soul—tried to do something for us. He had some shoemakers, and at night would make the soldiers report at his headquarters, where the shoeshop would be located. Green hides—not an hour off the cows' back—were used for shoemaking. A soldier would plant his foot on the hairy side of the hide and the shoemaker would cut out a round piece of skin, slit it in various directions, and with a coarse twine gather up the ends and literally sew the foot up in the raw hide with the skin side inward. The shoes were good for about 24 hours' use and then they would draw our feet and we would have to cast them aside and go back to the bagging. When I got to Mobile with a lot of the fellows we took quarters in a warehouse. Theodore Hamilton was playing 'The Wife' at the Mobile Theatre, and I scuffled around and got a ticket. I went to the theatre bareheaded and barefooted and in my shirt sleeves. I thought it was the best show I ever saw. After the performance an old man carried me home with him and gave me a long-tailed coat, a hat and a pair of shoes. When I got back to the warehouse the boys tore the tails off the coat, but she was a double-breasted fellow and I stuck to her. I looked like a jaybird with his tail pulled out."

A new style of jersey has a round yoke extending to the shoulders, to which the back is attached in three box-plaits, which extend to the bottom of the short basque, and are laid in so that they touch at the waist, making a jaunty postilion below the belt. In front there are two box-plaits on each side. The jersey is dark blue; the yoke is red, and is trimmed with coarse black soutache; the rows placed quite closely together at the top of the standing collar and spreading apart toward the bottom of the yoke, showing the red between. The sleeves are trimmed with red jersey cloth and black braid to match.

Theodora Osgate.

Dreary and chilly, a dying year, and yet the windows of Mrs. Osgate's old brown farm-house hung out their cheery signals behind the fringed cotton curtains, and when the kitchen door opened you could see the blazing logs, the figures coming and going like a miniature magic lantern.

It was Dora Osgate that opened it came flitting out to the well with a scarlet shawl over her head and an empty cedar pail in her hand. As her light feet pattered over the carpet of autumn leaves in the pathway she sang a snatch of some good old-fashioned hymn.

"My goodness alive! What's that?" For, as the words thrilled from her tongue, a tall, dark figure had arisen from the low wooden bench under the apple-tree whose boughs overhung the well.

"Don't be alarmed," said a deep, sweet contralto, with a scornful intonation in its sound. "It's only me, Dora."

"Joanna Elfield?"

"Yes, Joanna Elfield. What then? Have I fallen so low that I am no longer worthy to sit beneath the old apple tree? If so, tell me so at once, and I'll quit."

"You know I didn't mean that, Joanna."

"It's hard to tell what people mean or don't mean nowadays," said Joanna, picking at the fringe of her frayed rag of a shawl. "I was tired. I wanted a drink of water; so I came to the old well."

"Joanna," said Dora, hesitatingly, "are you hungry?"

"Hungry? No. There's a sort of craving, though, on my stomach, which is next to it, I suppose."

"Would you like something to eat?"

"I don't beg."

"Wait a minute, Joanna."

Like an arrow, Dora Osgate sped back into the house, where her mother was just setting the teapot on the table. Fresh baked waffles steamed on one side and hot biscuit was piled in drifts of snow on the other. For Mrs. Deacon Peabody and her daughter Comfort were come to tea, and Mrs. Osgate was a housekeeper to be excelled by none.

"Come, Dora, quick with that water," said Mrs. Osgate, "and shut the door."

"Mother," said Dora, speaking in a slightly embarrassed tone, "Joanna Elfield is out by the well. She is cold and hungry, and—"

Mrs. Osgate's face hardened into lines of stone. Miss Comfort Peabody drew her skirts close around her with an involuntary movement, and Mrs. Peabody looked hard into the bowl of her teacup.

"Then let her stay cold and hungry. Joanna Elfield is no associate for either you or me, Dora. She ran away from home and acted with common, strolling play-actors—she has sung at low concerts instead of keeping that fine voice of hers for the temple of the Lord, and people do say that she has taken to drinking. And you expect me to open my door to such as her?"

"But, mamma," faltered Dora, half affrighted by her own boldness, "don't you remember that He came to call, not the righteous, but sinners, to repentance?"

"How do you dare quote the Scriptures to me!" cried Mrs. Osgate, her brow clouding darkly. "Bring in that pail of water at once, and let us have no more discussion."

Thus rebuffed, Theodora Osgate crept back again into the frosty twilight, dejected and empty-handed.

"Ah," said Joanna Elfield, "I thought how it would be. Everybody's doors are shut against me."

"Is it true, Joanna?" whispered Dora, coming close up to her.

"Is what true?"

"That you drink?"

"Of course it's true. You would drink if you were driven as I am! There are times when you could sell your soul for a chance to forget! And that chance is only to be found in—drink."

"Oh, Joanna, I am so sorry for you."

"Sorry! Say that again, lass! People have mostly left off being sorry for me."

"But listen, Joanna. Won't you try to do different?"

"I am not so bad as folks think me, except for the craving for drink. I have been nothing worse than wild and wilful. Only when a girl gets on the down-hill, every man or woman thinks it a duty to give her a push."

"Then will you try and retrieve your old self?"

"How can I? What is there left for me?"

"Your superb voice, Joanna."

"You would have me sing myself into respectability, eh? And in the meantime I should starve."

"You need not starve, Joanna. Here!"

Quick as lightning she drew a small gold chain, with a gold locket shaped like a heart dangling at its end, from her neck.

"Dear Joanna, take this. It is worth money for your needs."

"Are you in earnest, Dora?"

"Of course I am. Hush! Mother is calling me. I must go."

"God bless you for this," said Joanna huskily. "And, Dora, one word more—let me kiss you just once—"

By way of answer, Theodora Osgate threw her arms around the tall girl's neck and pressed her soft, red lips close to the other's cold mouth. And as she did so, something plashed on her cheek—a hot tear.

The next minute Joanna Elfield had disappeared into the world of shadows that was hovering over the autumn landscape. And as she went, she murmured to herself:

"Some one believes in me yet! It's a strange sensation, and yet—it gives one something to live for, after all!"

It was Mrs. Osgate's shrill, piping voice, as, helpless from paralysis, she sat in her cushioned chair by the doorway.

"What is it, mamma?" Dora asked, coming to the door.

The Osgate farm house had drifted sadly to decay. Fences had fallen;

gates hung creaking; sunny pasture lands were neglected; grass meadows had toppled over with their own weight of harvest.

The carriage with them grand people that has bought Glenwood Place, a gentleman dressed like the Prince of Wales, and a lady whose diamonds flashed fit to blind one. Look! the carriage is stopping! Sure's I live, the lady's coming back, trailing her purple silk dress in the dust like it was domestic gingham."

She gave her apron a twitch and tried to settle her scant skirts over her poor, useless feet as the tall, stately figure swept up to the door.

"This is the Osgate Place, is it not?" the lady asked, in a deep, sweet voice, that betrayed her at once. Dora answered promptly.

"This is the Osgate Place, and you are Joanna Elfield?"

"Not Joanna Elfield now, but Joanna Avenel," she rejoined, smiling. "Here is my husband, George, this is the friend I told you of, whose hand ten years ago lifted me out of the darkness and set me in the right place."

"Dora," she added, "that night was the turning point in my life. See! I have your little gold chain with the heart, yet. I knew then that one human creature had faith in me still, and renewed the fountain of life within me. Dora, you were my guardian angel! God bless you for it!"

People wondered much why the Avenels had Dora Osgate so much with them, to say nothing of that tiresome, prosing old bore, her mother. But Mrs. Avenel was a great lady, and could of course, be excused for having her whim—one of which was always to wear a thread-like chain of gold around her neck, with a heart-shaped locket hanging from it.

And Dora Osgate, although she had settled into a solitary, hard-working old maid, knew that her life had not been in vain.

A Proposal on the Rail.

I was sitting on a train about to leave Richmond, Va., for Petersburg, when a bridal party came on, and one of the bridesmaids occupied the vacant seat by my side. The coach was crowded, and her special escort could not find a seat, but contented himself by standing in the aisle at her side, conversing about the events of the day. It became dark, and I then closed the book which I had been reading. Nothing was farther from my thoughts than to be an eavesdropper, but so in the event it proved to be; for in the darkened twilight the absorbed couple, supposing me to be asleep, settled into "love's low tone," each word of which struck upon my ear clear as a bell, for in his earnestness he leaned on the back of the seat in front of us, his face, as you can picture for yourself, forming with the lady's ear and mine an equilateral triangle. In free America and on a public conveyance, I did not think it necessary to remind them of my presence. Presently he leaned closer and whispered: "You must know by this time what my attentions to you mean. May I hope that I may claim you as mine?"

After a little pause she said, "I am very sorry, but I am afraid our paths through life will have to diverge."

He expostulated of course; then, heaving a deep sigh, walked away.

The twilight deepened, and I still rested my eyes. After awhile the disconsolate lover returned, and renewed his suit, saying: "I have spent fifteen wretched minutes. Can you give me no hope?"

Her voice in the gloaming sounded like music to him, I have no doubt, as she answered: "I have been thinking over what I told you. No one knows what may be in the future, and perhaps our paths may converge."

Just then the whistle blew for my station, and gathering up my possessions, I was preparing to depart, when he exclaimed joyfully: "Do you get off here? Allow me to help you with these."

And with shining eyes he took my satchel and parcels and helped me off, even controlling himself so far as to bow respectfully as I left.

On looking back I could see the lady in my seat by the window, and the happy lover sitting by her side. The whistle blew, the train started and—the curtain fell.

Curious Coincidence.

The other day, while a Michigan Central train was waiting at St. Thomas, a young man of 25 was observed to be closely regarding a solid-looking old gent of 50 who had come through from Chicago. Finally the young man stepped up and inquired:

"Isn't this Mr. B—, of Chicago?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am Mr. J—, formerly of the same place, but now of Toronto. Do you remember me?"

"Really, I do not."

"I was a clerk in your pork house. I aspired to the hand of your daughter. You drove me hence because I had no ducats."

"Oh, yes, it seems as if I do recall something of the sort."

"Well, sir, I want you to understand that you made a mistake. I am now worth \$18,000, and could give your daughter every luxury."

"Eighteen thousand dollars, eh? That's quite a sum."

"Yes, sir, and I'm the man you drove home."

"Eighteen thousand dollars," mused the old gent. "What a curious coincidence! That's exactly the sum my daughter's husband gave her the other day to buy summer pug dogs with! I must jot this coincidence down."

Somebody held the young man up until the weakness left his knees a little, and then he went hence some more.

HORSE NOTES.

—Patsy Klinker, pacing record of 2:20, has taken to trotting.

—For once winter racing is likely to prove profitable at New Orleans.

—James Pettit will train Charles McFadden's horse the coming season.

—The trotting stock of the late Alden Goldsmith will be sold on March 1 and 2.

—W. P. Balch, of Boston, claims to have sold \$93,000 worth of horseflesh since October 8, 1886.

—A syndicate has purchased the Riverside Driving Park at Buffalo, for \$27,500, being \$550 an acre.

—W. J. Eys has purchased the 3-year-old gray filly Venetia, by Bismarck, dam Estella Gray.

—The get of imp. Mortemer won \$41,100 in 1886, Winfred heading the list with \$7920. There were 37 starters, participating in 449 races and winning 71.

—The broodmare Bertha, by Harold, dam Jean Wood (dam of Clermont 2:30), by Melbourne Jr., died recently at Bellaire Stock Farm, Woodlake, Ky.

—On Thursday and Friday, March 3 and 4, at London, Eng., the Messrs. Tattersall will sell the entire stud of the late John Groat, of Woodbridge, Suffolk.

—Ten Broeck's get, thirty-nine of which were on the turf in 1886, won 52 races out of 315 starts and captured \$46,563, of which Jim Gray contributed \$17,050.

—C. H. Nelson, of Waterville, Me., has sold to Dr. O. G. Ciley, of Boston, the brown 3-year-old stallion Wedgewood, Jr., by Wedgewood, dam by Howe's Bismarck.

—J. D. Willis, of Brooklyn, proprietor of the Middletown Stock Farm, has sold to R. R. Ross, of Canada, the bay stallion Volunteer Clay, by Harry Clay, dam Voluntary (dam of Blackwood Prince, 2:23), by Volunteer, for \$8000.

—John S. Campbell has established a night school and employed a teacher for the benefit of his jockeys and the other boys of his stable at New Orleans. Boys from other stables will have the privilege of joining the class by paying a small weekly fee.

—W. H. Wilson, Abdullah Park, Cynthiana, Ky., states that his sales for the year 1886 amounted to \$38,000, closing with the sale of one-fourth interest in Sultan at \$5000 to J. P. Case. E. B. Echer, of Kansas City, has engaged to train for Mr. Wilson.

—The subject of the sale of Connemara came up again during the week. Dwyer Bros., ever on the alert for a good thing, offered Mr. O'Reilly \$14,000 for the filly. That was before her late attack of lung fever, which, of course, set at rest all stories concerning her sale. But now that she has recovered the subject is revived. It may be merely idle gossip, but one of the most prominent jockeys is the authority for the statement that the Messrs. Dwyer and O'Reilly have come to an understanding and that the Dwyers will take her, subject to trial, and if, when she is galloped, she shows no effects of her late illness in the shape of roaring or whistling, etc., they will pay Mr. O'Reilly his price.

—R. P. Mepper has sold to P. L. Silvers, Tecumseh, Mich., Bulletin, bay colt, foaled 1882, by Onward, dam Mistress, by Hamlin's Almont Jr., to Mr. Bidwell, Tecumseh, Mich., Almont, bay colt, foaled 1884, by Madam, dam Mistress, by Hamlin's Almont Jr., to J. G. Ladd, Beatrice, Neb. Plutarch, bay colt, foaled 1883, by Onward, dam Flushing Girl, by Scott's Thomas, 2:21; also a bay colt, foaled 1886, by Madam, dam Dream, by Administrator, to J. B. Ross, Madison, Ind., Adventurer, bay filly, foaled 1885, by Pretender, dam Zest, by Woodford Abdullah (sire of Kenilworth, 2:19); also a bay filly, foaled 1886, by Margin (son of Almont), dam Ingenue, by Egbert; to A. Rightmyer, Sangerites, N. Y., Barcelona, bay colt, foaled 1884, by Madrid, dam Extract, by Woodford Abdullah.

—The Montgomery, Berks and Chester Counties Agricultural and Horticultural Society, located at Pottstown, Pa., recently held its annual meeting and re-elected the entire old Board of officers. The society is in a flourishing condition, having earned 30 per cent. on its capital stock last year. A 10 per cent. dividend was declared, the balance being spent in improvements on the property. Since this society was organized two years ago over \$16,000 has been spent in permanent improvements. The buildings have been erected in the most substantial manner and compare favorably with any of the kind in the country. The mile track is one of the best. Pipes have been laid and water conveyed throughout the entire grounds. One hundred and sixty box-stalls have been built for trotting and exhibition horses. Two trotting meetings are given yearly, in the spring and fall. The managers hope to make their exhibitions rival those of the Great Mount Holly Fair, and with her superior grounds and railroad facilities the Jerseymen will have to look to their laurels.

—The following 2:30 trotters died in 1886.

Maxey Cobb, by Happy Medium 2:13
Lucy Fry, by Blue Bull..... 2:20
McMahon, by Administrator... 2:21
General Butler, by Smith Burr 2:21
Fides, by General Stanton..... 2:21
Rose of Washington, by Green's Bashaw..... 2:21

Capitola, by Gilbert Knox..... 2:22
Lady Turpin, by Bell Morgan... 2:23
Flora P., by Mambrino Sample... 2:23
St. Dennis, by Blue Bull..... 2:23
La Grange by Sultan..... 2:23
Belle Oakley, by Garibaldi..... 2:24
Almont General, by

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

CENTRE HALL, PA., FEBRUARY 23, 1887.

TERMS—\$2 per year in advance. \$2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One column per year \$90—4 column \$45.

Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on \$2 in advance.

1887 1887

LADIES' COATS AT COST.

Bartholomew is selling ladies coats at cost. Hurry up if you wish to get one.

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1887 1887

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Be a man.

—Always be a gentleman.

—Our George's birthday came off last Tuesday.

—A child of Mr. Crouse, of Brush Valley, died on Monday.

—Hud Love, of Lemont, gave us a call. He represents things lively at Lemont.

—We are told that Mrs. Harper, widow of Mr. John Harper, has taken sick.

—Samuel Rapp, of Haines township, died on Sunday. He was about 75 years of age.

—Esq. Houseman will dispense law and justice across the valley for the next five years.

—Jas. N. Leitzell has 21 sales to cry this spring. James couldn't hire our lungs for such a crop.

—George Emerick, our "new man," will take possession of the farm of Simon Harper, near this place.

—Mr. Will Lavers, who has been visiting his parents, the last few weeks, left for Joliet, Ill., where he is employed.

—Mrs. Christ, the wife of Dr. Christ of Lemont, died on Sunday morning. Mrs. Christ was a daughter of Moses Thompson.

—Subscribe for the REPORTER, it is not two-sided, silent, or milk-and-water. Always straight-out Democratic, in advocating the right, and opposed to rogues and rogues in all parties.

—Mr. Kindry, sawyer at Hewitt's mill near this place, will move his family from Lebanon county, to this place the coming spring. He will occupy a part of Rev. Miller's house on Church st.

—The ladies of the Reformed W. H. & F. M. Society, of this place, on Tuesday, in Foundry hall, served oysters, ice-cream, and cake; also warm meals, and had a counter for the sale of fancy goods.

—Landlord Rhule, of Potter's Mills, will go into the hotel at Spring Mill, April 1, now kept by H. Shafer. The Spring Mills folks will find Mr. Rhule a gentleman. We did not learn who will take possession of the Potter's Mills hotel.

—When the grave yard insurance was the rage ten years ago, one hundred thousand dollars were put on father Tobias, of this town, then an old man, who was expected to die. He was expected to drop off. But Mr. Tobias still lives, and the insurance didn't begin to outlive him.

—Miss Annie Dingee was treated to a surprise birthday party, a few evenings ago, by her young friends. Quite a number of nice presents were showered in on her, and the young folks had an enjoyable time out of it.

—The next patrons' picnic, on the mountain, is to be continued two days, for the purpose of exhibiting implements, etc., as will be seen by their resolutions in another column. We have frequently urged such a plan in the REPORTER and are glad the experiment is to be made next fall.

—The Bellefonte News says: The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbytery of Huntingdon will hold its twelfth annual meeting in Bellefonte, on Thursday, March 3d, in the Presbyterian chapel. The women of all the churches are cordially invited.

In the evening there will be a general meeting in the church, to be addressed by the well known missionary from China, Dr. Hunter Corbett.

George Emerick, of near this place, is a man now, and a happy one too since Sunday evening, as we learn unofficially.

George has taken to himself as a companion, one of our most esteemed young ladies, Miss Emma Harper, daughter of John Harper, dec'd. George deserves a good wife he has her too, with accomplishments thrown in. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Emerick a life of unalloyed happiness and prosperity.

—Miss Maggie Alexander, daughter of Amos Alexander, dec'd, died at the home of her brother, Dr. Alexander, in this place on Tuesday morning, of consumption. Maggie was well known at Millheim, her home during the life time of her parents, having made Centre Hall her home since their death. Maggie had a friend in all who knew her—she was a young lady of strictly Christian life, and affectionate towards all in her disposition. From the effects of a white swelling she had been lame for many years. Her remains were taken to Millheim for burial beside those of her parents.

She was long a member of the Reformed church. Her remains were taken from here on Thursday morning to Millheim for burial, accompanied by many friends and relatives.

LOST AND FOUND.

The neighborhood of Greenbrier, in Penn township, was thrown into great excitement last week, over the disappearance of a deaf and dumb girl, named Funk, aged about 16 years, and who is thought to be of unsound mind.

The parents had refused to comply with some unreasonable requests of the girl which put her into an ill temper. No suspicion however, was had that she was absent until a letter was found on the table, written by the girl, saying that if they wanted to find her the mountains would have to be searched. The girl, of course, was missing. The neighborhood was aroused and the greatest excitement prevailed. Bands of men were made up and search was made through the mountains as far as Poe valley and no girl was found; the excitement grew in intensity, and the opinion prevailed that the girl had committed suicide. The agony lasted over Friday, Friday night, and on to Saturday afternoon, when it was resolved to let off the milldam thinking she might have drowned herself. This move, however, was cut short by the news that the missing girl was discovered in the haymow at Jac. Kerns which proved correct and all the Greenbriers felt relieved and returned to their homes to talk the episode over.

THE HORSE SALE.

The horse sale on Tuesday, at Meyer's hotel, was largely attended. J. N. Leitzell was the auctioneer. The lot consisted of a carload of fine western horses. Horses were purchased by the following gentlemen:

—Daniel Weaver, of Miles, bay mare at \$175.

—David C. Runkle, Centre Hall, sorrel mare, \$123.

—Samuel Brumgard, Miles, dark horse, 191.

—A. N. Corman, of Miles, black horse, \$171.

—J. T. Corman, of Miles, pair of sorrels, \$405.

—Samuel Brumgard, Miles, black mare, \$205.

—Wm. Houser, College, gray horse, \$150.

—Wm. McIntick, gray horse, \$180.

—Wm. C. Dren, Nittany, black horse, at \$179.

—Dark roan horse, \$160.

—D. C. Keller, Centre Hall, roan horse, \$149.

—Elmer Swartz of Spring, bay horse, \$127.

—H. B. Kleckner, gray mare, \$190.

The average price was \$163.

BURNT OUT AGAIN.

The Daily News says: Our friend, Mr. R. A. Cassidy, has met with another severe misfortune. On Wednesday his printing office in Canton, Ohio, was destroyed by fire. This seems the more unfortunate because his presence in Bellefonte was to re-establish his office, the Keystone Gazette, which met a similar fate a few weeks ago. The loss to his establishment in Canton, which was quite a prosperous concern, is \$2500, which is partly protected by insurance.

We are truly sorry for Mr. Cassidy, in these heavy misfortunes. To have his printing establishments in both towns destroyed by fire within so short a space of time is an unusual repetition of a dire calamity.

AN AARONSBURG CANDY-SHOP CLEANED OUT.

One night last week the confectionery of Abs. Confer, on 2nd st., Aaronsburg, was broken into by forcing the door, and the entire stock of sweet things, along with tobacco and cigars and with \$6 in money were carried off. When Abs. got to his store next morning he found nothing left but the room, the counter, and the stove—the latter, no doubt, was red hot else it would have been carried off too. Thieves down there make a clean sweep. Gell, Abs, des beet der dweil!

KILLED HIMSELF WITH LAUDA-NUM.

Henry Keller, a well known butcher of Lock Haven, purchased a three-ounce bottle of laudanum at George Mason's drug store on last Saturday afternoon and swallowed two-thirds of the contents with suicidal intent. He died on Sunday afternoon in great agony. Business embarrassment was the cause. He leaves a large family.

KNEE CRUSHED.

On Monday while a young man named Shreckengast was chopping down a tree at Meyer's clearing on the Huston farm 2 miles east of Centre Hall, he was hit by a limb of the falling tree which badly bruised his knee. Dr. Jacobs was called and found the leg too much swollen already for definite examination, but fears the knee is crushed.

CONFERENCE AT BELLEFONTE.

The Central Pennsylvania conference of the M. E. church, convened at Bellefonte on the 10th of March. Many distinguished visitors will be present from outside districts, among whom will be Revs. H. A. Buttz, president of Drew Theological Seminary; Dr. C. N. Sims, chancellor of Syracuse University, and Dr. M. D. Buell, dean of Boston University.

—The Reformed fair on Tuesday was well attended and the cash taken in ran up to \$84.

—Proposals for painting two houses at the rr station will be received until Feb. 28th, by Fred. Kurtz.

—We are told that the burning of Clay Allison's barn at Cedar Run was caused by the explosion of a lantern.

—Lightning slung itself around rather recklessly on Wednesday night, and knocked "Hell(o)" out of several telephone poles.

—We are pleased to be informed by Wm. Allison that the prospects for the success of the Spring Mills creamery are assured and that prejudices are wearing away.

—A quick medicine peddler seems to be traveling around selling stuff to cure sicknesses, and says it has Dr. Jacobs' endorsement which Dr. says is not true and he cautions against such quacks. A bottle was imposed upon a lady in our town and she became very ill from the use of it.

—This week's issue of the "Breakfast Table" will contain a photograph of Col. Eli Slifer, of Lewisburg, as we see from an announcement. This will be a valued number for the central part of the state where Col. Slifer is so well known, and to Centre county people especially will be a treat to have a likeness of Col. Slifer because they know him as a pioneer in the movement which led to the building of our railroad.

—The committee appointed at the January meeting of the Centre County Pomona Grange, consisting of Messrs. Leonard Rhone, J. J. Arney, John Grove, L. C. Reardon and George Dale, have under consideration, as introduced, to arrange for holding the fourteenth annual Patrons' picnic of Centre county, for two consecutive days, and have agreed by unanimously passing the following:

Resolved: That we hold the fourteenth annual picnic of the Patrons of Husbandry of Centre county at the usual time (about the middle of September), at the old place on the top of Nittany Mountain; and that it be continued for two days with an exhibition of such farming implements and stock as manufacturers and farmers may desire to exhibit, and that we cordially invite the public to join with us in our annual gathering.

The committee have been offered tents free by the Williams' Grove Interstate Picnic Association, (except as to transportation), and have concluded to accept them.

Manufacturers are offering to exhibit, and will aid in making the implement department interesting and no doubt, farmers having fine stock will be glad of the opportunity to bring it to public notice.

Arrangements will be made for public lectures daily, and in the evening some special entertainment is contemplated.

Tents will be rented at a nominal price to accommodate those who contemplate staying on the grounds. Application for tents should be made early to enable the committee to engage a sufficient number in time. Families are expected to provide their own board and bedding, but no doubt a boarding house will be erected.

It is confidently believed that the public will enthusiastically join the Patrons of our county to have the grandest and most profitable gathering ever held by the farmers of our county.

—Last Tuesday was Washington's birthday.

—The family of Mr. Willow, of this place, are mostly ill, induced by the unhealthy weather of the last ten days.

—Mr. Ertel, at Ertel's mill, on Penn's creek, died the other day, and was buried on Tuesday. He was confined from rheumatism for a number of years.

—Last Sunday, 20, it snowed all day piling up about three inches, but it did not make good sleighing. The roads have been in bad condition for over two weeks.

—Clothing is now selling at about cost, at the Philadelphia Branch in order to close out the winter stock and make room for spring and summer clothing. A capital chance for a bargain.

—Xavier Greer will farm the place of Wm. Emerick, dec'd, adjoining this town. The premises will, however, remain in the occupancy of the widow and her daughter, Miss Carrie Emerick.

—The Lock Haven mill will be fast nearing completion, and will be one of the best equipped in this section of the state. The company expect to be in operation on March 1st in some parts of the works.

—Out late neighbor, Mr. Isaac Smith, of Williamsport, landed here by Tuesday evening train. Rumor has it he will move back here again. Would be pleased to have him and his excellent family in our midst again.

—The Supreme court refused the application for interference on behalf of the convicted murderers, Josiah McMeen, of Juniata county, and Wm. C. Busch, of Elk county, while sitting at Philadelphia.

—On Monday night a coal oil lamp set fire to the window curtains on the 2d floor of Dr. Alexander's residence, from which the fire was communicated to a bed standing close to the window, which was nearly burned before the fire was discovered, and extinguished.

—On Allison's barn, burned at Cedar Run, last week, there was an insurance of \$3,500, at the residence of the owner, and \$1,500 on the barn. About 1000 bushels of wheat, 800 bushels of oats, all the corn but 25 bushels, and all farm implements, including one self-binder and a buggy, were burned.

—Farm hardware of all kinds in endless variety is offered by McFarlanes, of Bellefonte. Team collars, plow handles, fodder cutters and such things are sold cheap for cash or short time. The stock of fence wire is full and includes the best kinds. Write them for prices.

—We call attention to the Keystone Mutual Benefit Association, of Allentown, Pa. They do a safe, reliable insurance business. The company was organized in 1878. It has been doing business nine years. It pays its claims promptly, and has an excellent record, financially and in every respect. The average cost of \$1000 insurance, at the age of 35, has, during these nine years, been only \$11 a year.

—During a thunderstorm at Hontela, last, six men were working near an air shaft over forty feet deep at Excelsior colliery No. 5. A bolt of lightning descended the shaft, knocked them down, and paralyzed some of them completely for a short time. A prop which two of the men were putting in place at the moment was wrenched from their hands with a giant's power and hurled aside.

—A fine lot of western horses arrived at our station on Saturday, by rail, and were stabled at Meyer's hotel. A finer lot of horses has not been brought here for a long time. They came in a place horse car, which many of our folks went to see on Saturday and Sunday. We did not see it, but suppose there were cushioned chairs for the horses to sit on; dining tables, and white aproned black servants, hot and cold water, etc., anyhow all said it was a fine car, with the conveniences for feeding and watering horses on route, as required by law.

—The Lewisburg News says financial circles are agog over the assignment of Nesbit Bros., the enterprising proprietors of the East Lewisburg planing mill. Their liabilities are estimated from sixty to eighty thousand dollars, but it is thought they will be able to satisfy all creditors and in a short time resume business. Mr. Joseph Nesbit, the leading spirit of the firm, is now confined to the house with a serious attack of typhoid fever and a meeting of the creditors will not take place until he is able to attend. It is the general belief, however, that his wide knowledge of business affairs and practicality will enable him to face about and become as solid as ever.

VALLEY SAND.

—Andy Immel, the Aaronsburg land-lord, will make sale of his personal property—see bills printed at Reporter office—and go elsewhere. Andy is a character.

—Harry Corman will run the Rebersburg hotel as a temperance house, perhaps on Kansas principles.

—Sobor station, in Gregg twp., is the greatest prop timber point on our rail road. Prop timber is now sold by the ton.

—As announced by Rev. Fischer last Sabbath, a collector will be sent out in a few days for the unpaid subscriptions to the Centre Hall Lutheran church. So get ready for his coming as there are several large payments due.

—Philip and Lowell Meyer will begin a musical convention at Pine Hall, beginning Monday evening, Feb. 28.

—Last Sabbath afternoon Rev. Fischer appeared in his pulpit with his right arm still in a sling. His next service will be Sunday evening, 27.

—The contest in Miles at the late election was over school director involving the question of building or not building a school house for Smoketown, south of Rebersburg.

—The Penns valley trade is offered special bargains in ready made clothing, at the Philad. Branch.

—Clark Granley has started a job printing office at Rebersburg.

HARD WORK.

Hard work—or hard up for work—a friend remarked to us, after four different persons had run him down, begging and coaxing of him not to have his bills printed at this office. We have no need to send monkeys out on that kind of mission, and are pleased to say we need not resort to misrepresentation for patronage. Our well known course to do what is right brings us the voluntary support of fair-minded men. How to injure the good, old Reporter, is the day and night puzzle to some chaps. Why a little over a year ago the Reporter office was systematically robbed—even robbed repeatedly, in the most criminal meaning of the word, robbed of its material to keep up an amateur office that was doing work for the delectable fellows that are now, and were then, seeking to ruin the Reporter in its legitimate business. But, in the plenitude of our goodness, instead of sending the thieves to jail, we sent them home with a kind admonition to go and sin no more, and this is what we say to those now monkeying around to rob the Reporter of a little work simply because it will not be the servant of a sweet coterie of played out kickers.

The Reporter fights its battles alone, goes into 'em with delight, and comes out smiling. It sees a half dozen party pests whom it may say its province to show up, in the course of events as soon as the Democracy again needs that kind of work for its purification. As we will be slain with the jaw-bone of their tribe. Long live the Republic. Subscribe for the Reporter!

—The apostle Paul undoubtedly favored board walks when he announced, "cleanliness is Godliness."

—It was Samuel Decker who put in broadsides at the Zion Luth. church fire, he is able to put out another.

—The essay, "Mission Spirit," read by Mr. M. Derstine, at the W. H. & F. M. Soc., will bear repetition.

—Fresh mackerel at Wolf's and first class article. We've tried 'em and know about it. Hurry up and get some.

—We regret to learn that Henry Moyer, an old and well-known citizen of Harris township, has had several strokes of paralysis recently with serious effect.

—Jones, Bergen & Co., one of the largest business firms in Luzerne county pronounce the patent flour manufactured by the Centre Hall roller mill superior to Pillsbury's "Best." Quite a credit for Centre Hall.

—Farmers and cattle dealers who want to purchase thorough bred stock, should attend Swab's sale near Linden Hall, March 10. Mr. Swab will also sell an exceptional lot of farm implements.

—Remember, S. U. Thompson & Co., Bellefonte, are making suits to order, at cost prices to reduce stock. They are the leading tailors of the town and keep up with the times.

—One of the largest sales of first-class live stock and implements, will be that of George Swab, at the residence of William Swab, near Linden Hall, on the 10th of March, as advertised in another column. The entire stock is unusually good and it is rare that such a sale is found.

—The Philad. Branch has marked down the price of overcoats and winter suits in order to close out stock before spring. Prices were low heretofore but are put down now to near cost, and a better bargain in clothing is not to be had in the state than Lewins offers.

—We see it noted in Bellefonte papers that Centre Hall is to have a new church building the next year. If that means that we are to have a new place to hatch strife, quarrels, lawsuits, etc., among neighbors, churches, and in the community, then we say keep out your bank we are having a surfeit of that sort of devilry. A bank, however, in which only banking is done, might be a desirable thing for many, judging from expressions we hear.

—At Tyrone, the other day, there was an appearance of an ice-cold spring. The citizens were talking in the street near the public buildings, when suddenly in the middle of the roadway, water began to gush up from the ground in a stream four or five inches in diameter. In a short time it wore a channel for itself six feet deep, and is flooding the surroundings with its overflow. The water is ice cold, and to all appearances is an inexhaustible spring.

—The sacrifice sale of Boots and Shoes still continues at E. L. Power's, next door to Bush's burnt block. Don't delay any longer if you want the best bargain ever offered in boots and shoes. None of these goods were touched or damaged by the fire and every article is as good as can be found in any store in the state. Don't miss this splendid opportunity to save money on an article

Gov. Curtin has frequently given it as his opinion that Centre Hall will be the principal town of this valley. If our people would stick together and encourage every move towards improvement it would do much to help the growth of the town. Our mechanics and laboring men are interested in this and should be able to see who is their friend and keep a close watch, found in every town, who fight against all who show a spirit of enterprise.

AN INFANT CHILD OF AARON HARTER IS QUITE ILL.

—William Hadly's smoke house at Aaronsburg, was robbed a few nights ago of its stock of hams and sausages.

—Mrs. Agnes Crozier is administrator for the estate of Joseph Crozier.

—Some outside party intimates to us a desire to erect a brick building near our railroad station for business uses.

—There was some heavy thunder on Wednesday night, equal to the July prodigies of thunder. This winter is making its mark as the thunder, still the lightning rod man hasn't heard the early call.

—The Milton Argus says: Rev. W. H. Gotwald, boarded Erie mail, last, at 2:15 o'clock this morning, en route for Florida, where he expects to spend several weeks to come, in perfecting plans and arranging his business affairs in connection with his new position as general manager of a town and improvement company there.

—At the horse sale on Tuesday, some spirited bidding was done. A fine black mare was being sold and parties of this place were anxious to have the handsome beast but Brushvalley bidders always went 'em a dollar better. Sam. Brumgard represented Brushvalley and took the mare at \$205. Our Brushvalley friends took six of the finest animals with them.

—Ex-assemblyman Abner Murray, of Boalsburg, gave the Reporter a call. He tells us there is a little railroad and ore excitement in his section. The Collins Bros. are now taking leases for the ore lands in the neighborhood of Boalsburg with a possibility of swinging the Buffalo Run railroad around that way in case the ore fields in Harris township panned out well enough to warrant it—and Boalsburg might get a railroad yet.

LINDEN HALL.

Mrs. John Babb has been quite ill for a week or more.

Henry Meyer, Sr. who has been laid up for some two weeks is slowly recovering.

Samuel Cherry and wife, of Bellefonte spent Tuesday with J. W. Keller and wife.

On account of the sickness of his father, F. H. Meyer had the convention at Centre Hall postponed until next week, commencing the 28th.

J. H. Ross is agent for the Oliver children at this place, and will always keep a full line of repairs.

—Subscribers to the Reporter who change their residence this spring should notify us of any change in post office, giving the name of the new and of the former post office.

—The leading tailoring establishment of Bellefonte, is the firm of S. U. Thompson & Co. They keep up with the latest styles and employ first class workmen. They keep the latest styles in the line of collars, ties and gentle furnishing goods. A visit to their store, next door to post office, will convince you.

—Go to Lewins if you want a bargain in ready-made clothing. No deception in anything sold, and assortment complete for men and boy's clothing.

MARRIED.

On Feb. 6, at Centre Hall, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Mr. Ezra C. Harter and Miss Minnie E. Coldren, both of Georgesvalley, Pa.

On 20 inst., by Rev. Swengle, J. W. Winkelbeck and Miss Kate F. Hess both of Woodward.

HOTEL FOR RENT.

The well known hotel stand at Potter's Mills, is offered for rent. Possession given April 1, 1887. For further information apply by mail or telephone to Wm. Allison, Spring Mills.

FOR RENT.

A new story dwelling house, on Main street, is for rent. Apply to F. Kurtz.

D. G. W. HOSTERMANN.

Dentist, Centre Hall, Residence on Main street. Office in residence. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Either administered 14apr

S. A. LIST.

LEWISBURG BOOK BINDERY.

All kinds of binding, at reasonable rates. News papers, magazines, pamphlets, etc., bound and rebound in first class style. 1013m

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Administration upon the estate of Joseph Crozier, deceased, late of Potter county, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he will respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment to the undersigned, and the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

AGNES CROZIER, Administratrix, Centre Hall. 24feb6

PUBLIC SALE.

The following property will be sold at the residence of Wm. Swab, on the Van Ties Farm 1 mile east of Linden Hall, on THURSDAY, MARCH 10, at 10 o'clock: 1 ton of heavy mules, 5 years old and well broken to harness, fine black horse suitable for all purposes, 2 percheron horses, 3 yrs. old, weight 1600, pair of gray horses, 6 years old and well broken to harness, 2 Holstein heifers, fine Durham bull, fine steer, 3 Durham calves, 4 breeding sows, 1 boar, 6 pigs, all of which are thoroughbred Chesterwhite stock, 2 new broad-wheeled wagons, new 2 horse wagon, new Dexter spring buggy, sleigh, bob sled 2 new heavy cultivators, hay forks, 3 Imperial plows, 2 corn scrapers, double complainer, single complainer, spring harrow, 2 plain harrows, 2 sets of hay ladders, 2 sets of wagon boards, hay fork with rope and pulley, straw cutter, corn shell, Osborne fanning mill, wheelbarrow, grind stone, forks, rakes, new tug harness, 4 set of front gears, 7 new hair collars, 7 heavy synets, new buggy synets, 7 tug bridles, set good double harness, set single harness, halions, chains, lot of botins against the same, wood work of a share wagon, horse gears, threshing machine, power, shaker and strap, tanning mill, Lewisburg cutting bench, corncrib, bed, horse hay fork with rope and pulleys, sleigh, log sled, log chains, ten